

LOVE'S SUMMER CLOUD.

FROM GEMS OF MOORE.

PAIN and sorrow shall vanish before us,  
Youth may wither, but feeling will last;  
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er us,  
Love's bright summer-cloud only shall cast.  
Oh, if to love thee more  
Each hour I number o'er—  
If this a passion be  
Worthy of thee.  
Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.  
Charms may wither, but feeling shall last:  
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,  
Love's bright summer-cloud sweetly shall  
cast.

Rest, dear bosom, no sorrow shall pain thee,  
Sighs of pleasure alone shalt thou steal;  
Beam, bright eyelid, no weeping shall stain  
thee,  
Tears of rapture alone shalt thou feel.  
Oh, if there be a charm  
In love, to banish harm—  
If pleasure's truest spell  
Be to love well,  
Then be happy, for thus I adore thee;  
Charms may wither, but feeling shall last;  
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,  
Love's bright summer-cloud sweetly shall  
cast.

THE FATE OF FRANKLIN AND HIS MEN.

Let us draw around the fire;  
Embers ruddy, glowing,  
What a comfort they inspire,  
Whilst the bitter tempest roars,  
And it freezes out of doors,  
And the wintry haze is snowing,  
And the keen north-west is blowing!  
  
Sit and listen to the gale;  
Frost without is stinging:  
What a sad and solemn wail  
Runs throughout its gusty squalls,  
As it rises and it falls  
Ever with a death-psalm ringing:  
What a dirge the winds are singing!  
  
Reddened in the hearth-light warm,  
From the great log yonder,  
Housed and sheltered, safe from harm,  
Tracing pictures in the coals,  
On the poor unhappy souls  
Homeless in the cold who wander,  
Is it not a time to ponder?  
  
Whose that wild wind's requiem,  
Desolately sighing?  
Has it not swept over them,  
Whose unseparated remains  
Now bestrew the icy plains,  
Where for science martyrs dying,  
Franklin and his crew are lying.  
  
There they starved among the snows,  
'Mid the icebergs hoary.  
There to death they slowly froze.  
On such errand let brave men  
Never be despatched again;  
Keep them for the strife of glory:  
What a fireside winter story!

Punch.

LINES TO JENNY LIND (IN AMERICA).

BY THE LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

Sing! lift our very souls on high  
With thy triumphant strains.  
Raised on the wings of thy rich voice,  
We scorn our earth-linked chains.  
  
The Stars sing with thee! They and Thou  
Choose one bright theme of power—  
One song of praise, one song of price,  
Rich with Hope's crown and flower.  
  
No note of thine but seems to bring  
Pure heavenly thoughts and high,  
Of good and glory, that may join  
Creation's harmony!  
  
Thou hast sung back the peace to souls  
Deep wounded by the world;  
And charmed away the agony  
Its treachery 'gainst them hurled.  
  
For who that ever trod the earth  
Hath not that treachery proved?  
Who but its harshness hath bewailed  
That e'er hoped, lived, or loved?—  
  
Its harshness and its heartlessness,  
So bitter and so stern,  
That bid the gentlest spirit oft  
With strife impassion'd burn.  
  
Sing! Of all noble thoughts and things,  
Thy song the voice should be.  
Sing of the truths of Heaven and Earth,  
While Angels sing with thee!  
  
Hark! in our own hushed souls we hear  
Soft echoes of *their* strain.  
Seem not the immortal tones, in truth,  
Even like thine own again?

They counsel — as thou counsellest, too —  
 Goodness, and peace, and grace;  
 The High, the Beautiful, the Pure —  
 Scorn of the False and Base.

For ever in our souls are heard  
 Whisperings from worlds above,  
 That should attune our actions here,  
 To perfect Faith and Love.

Sing, while thy deeds and works of good  
 May prompt seraphic songs,  
 And lend thine *something* of the charm  
 That unto them belongs.

And if those lovely sounds must die,  
 Their memory ne'er shall fade:  
 Undying as the souls they soothe  
 That memory shall be made.

*Ladies' Companion.*

#### A BOAT-SONG.

Smooth and serene  
 Lies the fathomless deep;  
 Calm in its might  
 As a giant asleep;  
 The clouds as they float,  
 And the stars as they glow,  
 Are shrined in the depths  
 Of its heaven below.

Now the wind rises  
 And ruffles the brine,  
 Ripples foam-crested  
 Like diamonds shine;  
 They flash as the dipping oars  
 Bear us along,  
 In tune to the air  
 Of our blithe sailing song.

Fearless we weather  
 The loud stormy gale:  
 At the sound of its shout  
 Let the landsman turn pale.  
 As wild as the billows  
 His vessel must brave,  
 Is the lot of the sailor  
 Afloat on the wave.

*Ladies' Companion.*

#### THE CLOSED-UP CHAMBER.

The skies of spring-tide are beaming o'er us,  
 The hills are mantled with rosy sheen,  
 The brook is dimpling in smiles before us,  
 The whispering woodlands are budding again;  
 And Morn with her wreaths of pearl and amber,  
 Is turning the waves to a flood of light,  
 And gilding the panes of the closed-up chamber,  
 Of whose dreary depths we have dreamed all  
 night.

When last 't was entered, we all remember:  
 We know where the still form shrouded lay;

And the breeze sighed round with its farewell ten-  
 In the azure hours of a bygone May. [der,  
 We each recall how the bowers were dreary,  
 The summer-boat was a useless thing —  
 How we felt the silence grow all too weary,  
 Yet loathed the voice which could laugh or sing.

But now there is sunshine in the dwelling:  
 The grass on the grave is green and long;  
 And no sad tones of the lost are telling,  
 Whose steps were once listened for, like song.  
 We might almost forget his mournful story,  
 Who passed from the earth in youth's first  
 Were it not for the tale of vanished glory [bloom,  
 Which is whispered low from that silent room.

We must quit, ere long, this antique mansion,  
 With its many legends and one closed door,  
 For the body's toil, and the mind's expansion,  
 The commerce with busy life once more.  
 But do we not hear about us ever  
 The moral drear of its lore a part?  
 Though our lips may reveal the secret never,  
 Have we no sealed chamber within the heart?

*Ladies' Companion.*

#### THE CHOSEN SONG.

Sing me again the song you sung,  
 In that lonely place so still and sweet,  
 Where the breezy chestnuts whispering hung,  
 And waves of shadow went over the wheat.  
 It has haunted me the morning long;  
 And welcome, methinks, would prove the strain,  
 As the gush of a skylark's matin song  
 We have pined in cities to hear again.

Omit not one of the homely rhymes;  
 I shall prize them more than polished lays;  
 They will waft me back to those peaceful times  
 Ere I grew athirst for fame and praise;  
 When my life had scarce with fancy played,  
 And the future seemed a vague, sweet dream,  
 And my thoughts and feelings idly strayed,  
 Like rose-leaves flung on a summer stream.

For tedious tones I have listened long,  
 I will hear the mill-dam's rushing noise;  
 For my toiling fellows — a weary throng —  
 I will mark the minnow's glance and poise,  
 And view the flowers, with dew-drops wet,  
 Which starred the green sward and twined the  
 No other blossoms I since have met [tree;  
 Have ever been half so sweet to me.

I have wandered from such scenes afar,  
 And lost on the way the trusting hope,  
 Which yet might shine as a guiding star  
 To lead me back to youth's flowing slope.  
 Yet, Mary, sing me that simple strain,  
 That I may seem as of old to lie,  
 While waves of shadow go over the grain,  
 And the breezy chestnuts whisper by.

*Ladies' Companion.*

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *The Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith.* By John Forster, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law. Second edition. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1854.
2. *The Works of Oliver Goldsmith.* Edited by Peter Cunningham. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1854.

MR. CUNNINGHAM, whose scrupulous exactness is generally known, has furnished the first complete and accurate reprint of the miscellaneous writings of Oliver Goldsmith. Numerous errors, which had crept into previous editions, are corrected, omitted passages are restored, and entire pieces have been added.\* By a fortunate coincidence, Mr. Forster, at the same moment has reproduced, with great additions, his well-known 'Life of Goldsmith,' in which he has collected, from an infinity of sources, every particular which could illustrate the career of his hero, and by his acute and genial comments, has assigned to the mass of disjointed facts, their true significance. Much as has been written upon the man, and often as his works have been republished, we have now a better opportunity for forming a thorough acquaintance with both, than has been afforded us before.

There was an anomaly in Goldsmith's character which has existed in no other celebrated personage in an equal degree. An Irishman by birth, he had most of the virtues, and not a few of the failings, which distinguish many of his nation—their love of low festivities, their blundering, their gullibility, their boastfulness, their vanity, their improvidence, and, above all, their hospitality and benevolence. But with this Hibernian disposition, he was an author after the purest and soberest models—chaste in his style and language, and calm and rational in his opinions. Those who lived with him, found it hard to believe, that one so weak in his conduct and conversation, could display much power in his writings, and, as we learn from Dr. Johnson, 'it was with difficulty that his friends could give him a hearing.' Posterity, on the other hand, who reverse the process, and judge him from his books, have been reluctant to acknowledge, that the man 'who wrote like an angel, could have talked like poor Poll;' and there has been a tendency, of late years, to accuse his contemporaries of combining to exaggerate his absurdities. But whatever be the explanation of the contradiction, there is abundant evidence that it was real. His works remain to speak for themselves; and the account of

his foibles comes to us from such a variety of quarters, that to deny the likeness, would be to undermine the foundations of biography itself. Even if traits, originally ludicrous, were made broader in the repetition, the general temptation to indulge in the caricature of his weakness is, itself, a proof that the qualities existed in excess. This distinct recognition, by Mr. Forster, of the blended nature of Goldsmith, of the Irish temperament which he derived from his parents, his training, and his early associates, and of the taste in composition which he derived from the study of books, has dissipated the doubts and difficulties which recent discussions were beginning to raise about one of the most strongly marked and transparent characters that ever existed in the world.

On the appearance, in 1837, of Mr. Prior's *Life of Goldsmith*, we related, in detail, the earlier, and at that time, the least known, part of his career.\* The son of a poor clergyman, he was sent, at 17, to Dublin University, and for cheapness, was compelled to enter as a sizar. If poverty is the stimulus to industry, industry is equally the solace of poverty. Study furnishes the mind with occupation, and removes the necessity for costlier and less worthy entertainment; but idleness aggravates penury, and is the parent of low diversions, lassitude, and debt. Such, from the indications which remain to us, appears to have been the college existence of Goldsmith. Any chance of his being drawn into the studies of the place, was destroyed by the brutality of a tutor, who ridiculed his awkwardness and his ignorance, and who once knocked him down for giving a humble dance at his rooms to celebrate the small but solitary honor of having gained an exhibition worth thirty shillings. After nearly four years passed at Dublin, without pleasure, profit, or distinction, he took his degree of bachelor of arts the 27th of February, 1749.

His father died while he was at college, and his mother lived, in reduced circumstances, at a cottage in Ballymahon. He was urged, by his family, to take orders; wanting two years of the canonical age, he spent the interval at his new home. When he at last presented himself before the Bishop of Elphin, he was refused ordination. According to a tradition, which rests upon indifferent authority, and which is contradicted by other accounts, he was rejected for appearing in scarlet breeches. The story was probably a jocose invention, suggested by his love of gaudy clothes, and the only intelligible explanation of the transaction, as Mr. Forster remarks, is that his knowledge was found deficient. Instead of preparing for his examination, he had em-

\* The new edition of the works of Goldsmith forms part of a series of the British Classics, which is undoubtedly the best selected and edited, the cheapest, and the handsomest that has ever issued from the press.

\* Quarterly Review, vol. lviii. p. 273.

played his two years in country rambles, in playing whist and the flute, and in telling stories, and singing songs sat a club, which met at the Ballymahon public house. His own predilections had never been in favor of the clerical profession, and he made no further efforts to enter the church. Mr. Contarine, a clergyman who had married the sister of Oliver's father, now procured him the situation of tutor in the house of a Mr. Flinn. Here he remained a twelvemonth, when he taxed one of the family with cheating at cards, and lost his office. He went back to Ballymahon, with thirty pounds and a horse, started afresh in a few days, and re-appeared, at the end of six weeks, with a worse horse and no money. His mother being very angry, he wrote a letter to pacify her, in which he professed to have gone to Cork, to have paid his passage in a ship, which was bound to America, and to have been left behind by an unscrupulous captain, 'who never inquired after me, but set sail with as much indifference as if I had been on board.' A train of adventures followed, the whole of which bear evident marks of invention, and show how early he began to display the talents which produced the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' The Church and emigration had failed. It was resolved to try law. With fifty pounds furnished by Mr. Contarine, he set out for London to keep his terms, gambled away his little fund with an acquaintance at Dublin, and was once more thrown back, penniless, upon his friends. The law was given up; but after a short interval, they were hopeful enough to think that medicine might be attended with better luck. The money was again supplied by Mr. Contarine, and this time the reckless Oliver contrived to reach his destination, though it was no less distant than Edinburgh. He arrived there in the autumn of 1752, when he was 24 years of age.

It may be inferred from the previous and subsequent proceedings of Oliver, that he was neither very diligent nor very prudent at Edinburgh, but little is known with certainty. He remained there till the spring of 1754, when, led more by his love of roving than by his devotion to science, he resolved to visit the continental schools. "I shall carry," he wrote to Mr. Contarine in announcing that he had drawn upon him for twenty pounds "just 33*l*. to France, with good store of clothes, shirts, etc., and that with economy will serve." Economy he never practised. Whatever pittance he possessed was usually squandered, and when he lived frugally it was because he had exhausted his means. A letter from Leyden to Mr. Contarine, which describes the mishaps that attended his voyage to Holland, whither he went instead of to France, is tinged, like the apologetical epistle to his mother, with

palpable romance; and Mr. Forster suggests, we have no doubt truly, that it may perhaps have been dictated by the same motive—a desire to explain away heedless expenditure which might soon compel him to tax anew the purse and patience of his friends. His generous uncle, however, seems shortly afterwards to have sunk into childishness, and his other relatives in Ireland were deaf to his appeals. At Leyden he managed to exist by borrowing and giving lessons in English. He frequented the gaming-table, and once brought away a considerable sum, which was lost almost as soon as won. When he took his departure in February 1755, he was obliged to a fellow-student for the loan which was to carry him on his way. Immediately afterwards he passed the shop of a florist, saw some costly tulip-roots, which were things prized by Mr. Contarine, and, solely intent upon gratifying his uncle, bought them at once with the borrowed money. It is these benevolent but ill-regulated impulses which have endeared the memory of Goldsmith to the world. In him the extravagance which ministers to gratitude and relieves wretchedness was still stronger than the improvidence which grew from self-indulgence. "He left Leyden next day," says Mr. Forster, "with a guinea in his pocket, one shirt to his back, and a flute in his hand."

He took the course which he afterwards described in "The Traveller," and trudged on foot through parts of Flanders, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. In later days he used to tell his friends of the distresses he underwent—of his sleeping in barns, of his dependance at one time upon the charity of convents, and of his turning itinerant flute-player,\* at another to get bed and board. As no Englishman of his time could have seen so much of the interior life of the lower classes abroad, and been so intimately versed in their manners and feelings, it is surprising that among all his literary taskwork he should never have given a narrative of his continental adventures. It is stated by Mr. Forster,

\* He was an indifferent performer, and, if we were to credit the story related by Sir John Hawkins, he was ignorant of his notes. Roubiliac, so runs the tale, pretending to be charmed with one of Oliver's airs, begged to have it repeated that he might take it down. The sculptor jotted some random dots upon the paper, and showed it to Goldsmith, who, after looking it over with seeming attention, pronounced it to be correct, adding, "that if he had not seen him do it he never could have believed his friend capable of writing music after him." In contradiction to this, the author of an address to the "Philological Society of London," published in May, 1787, and quoted by Mr. Forster, asserts that a gentleman of his acquaintance had often laid pieces of music before Goldsmith, who played them at sight. The anecdote of Hawkins is not in itself very probable, and may now be dismissed as apocryphal.



that after he grew into reputation the booksellers for whom he worked were unwilling to have it known that the famous Dr. Goldsmith had been a mendicant wanderer. If this was the cause of his silence, they judged very ill for their own interests and very falsely of public opinion, and the world has lost a more charming book of travels than has ever perhaps been penned.

The pedestrian tour of Goldsmith lasted exactly a year, and in February 1756 he landed at Dover. He had increased his knowledge of men, manners, and countries, but he had brought back little which could aid him in his profession, except a medical degree that was supposed to have been procured at either Padua or Louvain, where the principal qualification was the payment of the fees. He made his way to London, and his first employment is believed to have been that of an usher in a provincial school. He soon returned to the metropolis, and offered himself to apothecaries to dispense their medicines. He had no other introduction than his mien and address, and it is not surprising that his ungainly figure, and plain face, awkward manners, and shabby clothes should have failed to recommend him. Such was the poverty of his appearance that when he called shortly afterwards in his best suit upon Dr. Sleigh who had been his fellow-student at Edinburgh, his former associate was unable to recognize him in his pitiful garb. His Irish birth increased the mistrust and stood much in his way. One Jacob, a chemist, who lived near the Monument, at last ventured to try him, and it was while in his service that Oliver renewed his intercourse with Dr. Sleigh. "When he did recollect me," says Goldsmith, "I found his heart as warm as ever, and he shared his purse and friendship with me during his continuance in London." Through the agency of Sleigh and Jacob he commenced practising in Southwark, and, in the language of Mr. Forster, became "poor physician to the poor." Yet even in this lowly sphere he was mindful of dress, and while with one hand he felt the pulse of his patient, with the other he held his hat upon his breast to conceal a patch in his coat. Either he failed to get practice, or those who employed him were too needy to pay, and he abandoned physic to become corrector of the press to the famous Samuel Richardson. A printer whom he attended, and who worked for Richardson is said to have suggested the notion and introduced him to the novelist. This contact with literature did not assist to make apparent the latent qualities of his genius. The author of "Clarissa" was too much taken up with his own importance to have a chance of detecting in his humble assistant the powers which were to produce the "Vicar of Wakefield."

In these several occupations the year was passed. The early part of 1757 found him usher at the Academy of Dr. Milner of Peckham, whose son was another of the fellow-students of Goldsmith at Edinburgh. He was now secure from want; but to judge from the descriptions he has left of the calling in his writings, it was of all his shifts the most painful and degrading. 'The usher,' he wrote in the *Bee*, 'is generally the laughing-stock of the school. Every trick is played upon him; the oddity of his manners, his dress, or his language, is a fund of eternal ridicule; the master himself now and then cannot avoid joining in the laugh, and the poor wretch, eternally resenting this ill-usage, lives in a state of war with all the family.' Mr. Forster, who quotes this passage, also quotes from the reminiscences of Mr. Cooke, a barrister, who was intimate with Goldsmith during the latter part of his life, the still more significant fact that, though he was accustomed to relate the hardships of his obscurer days, he never alluded to the Peckham Academy. The neglects and insults shown to his poverty were due to his circumstances, but the taunts of his pupils were a deeper wound to his sensitive nature, because they were directed against the man. The sketch of the usher he has drawn in the '*Bee*' is a palpable self-portrait, and it is a mark of his simplicity that he has generalized traits which were peculiar to himself. The office was doubtless often treated with disrespect, but the laugh which went round the juvenile circle, and extended itself to the solemn central figure of the group, was especially provoked by the diverting originalities which distinguished Goldsmith from the rest of mankind. The oddity of language to which he alludes in the *Bee* was his Hibernian dialect, and it was remarked by his friend Mr. Cooke that to the close of his life he was careful to retain it in all its original force. A curious instance of his ignorance of English pronunciation occurs in one of his early reviews, in which he takes a poet to task for making *key* rhyme with *be*. He had then no idea that it had any other sound than his native Irish *kay*.

The tricks which the pupils played off upon Oliver he retaliated on the footman, who was weak in intellect and ludicrously vain. As he prided himself upon his eating and drinking feats, Goldsmith rolled some white cheese into the shape of a candle-end, and inserting a bit of blackened paper for a wick he placed it by the remnant of a true tallow dip. 'You eat that piece of candle,' he said to the footman, 'and I will eat this.' Goldsmith set the example, and with a wry face ate up his cheese by mouthfuls. When he had nearly done, the footman swallowed his own piece of candle at a single desperate

gulp, and began to triumph over the protracted nausea of his antagonist. 'Why truly, William, replied Goldsmith, 'my bit of candle is no other than a bit of very nice Cheshire cheese, and therefore, William, I was unwilling to lose the relish of it.' After practical jokes like these from a man of twenty-nine, it was an inevitable consequence that usher Oliver and footman William should be treated by the boys with about equal respect. But the old halo of benevolence which surrounds him everywhere shines out here, and his salary was usually spent, the very day it was paid, in charity to beggars, and gifts to the smaller boys. 'You had better, Mr. Goldsmith,' said Mrs. Milner at last, 'let me keep your money for you, as I do for some of the young gentlemen.' 'In truth, Madam,' he replied, 'there is equal need.'

It was while he was at Peckham that the circumstance occurred which brought him into connection with his real vocation. Dr. Milner was a contributor to the 'Monthly Review,' and Griffiths, the proprietor, when dining at his table, was so far impressed by the conversation of Goldsmith, that he asked him to furnish a few specimens of criticism. The result was his removal from the establishment of Dr. Milner to that of Mr. Griffiths. He was to lodge and board with the bookseller, to receive a small salary, and to labor every day from nine till two upon the 'Monthly Review.' He entered upon his new functions at the end of April 1757, having engaged himself for a twelvemonth, and we are inclined to adopt a more cheering view of the contract than has been taken by Mr. Forster. Goldsmith declared that it was not till a year or two later that he discovered his talents for literature. He had, indeed, sent his brother Henry, in a letter from abroad, the first brief draught of 'The Traveller,' but it drew forth no praise from the family circle, and did not add to their hopes of the scapegrace Oliver. He had again in the January of the present year, according to the statement of Dr. Farr, called upon him to read the commencement of a tragedy, upon which he had previously taken the opinion of Richardson, but he appears to have received no encouragement to proceed, nor is there the slightest trace, since he sold ballads when at college for five shillings apiece to the street-singers of Dublin, than in any of his distresses he ever dreamt of eking out his subsistence by his pen. To exchange the mechanical drudgery of hearing the Delectus and correcting the nonsense verses of little boys for the more intellectual drudgery of writing for the press was, we suspect, considered by himself an elevation at the moment.

It was not Goldsmith conscious of his genius that had let himself out to Griffiths by the year, but Goldsmith the butt of acquaintances

and the laughing-stock of schoolboys. In consequence, however, of the coarse, ungenerous nature of the particular publisher who had secured his services, the engagement proved unpropitious, and at the end of six months was dissolved in anger by mutual consent. The bookseller taxed his scribe with idleness and independence, and Goldsmith complained of the authoritative airs of Griffiths, of the domestic parsimony of his wife, and of the unwarrantable liberties of both in re-touching the articles he composed for the review. These early productions have the graces of his style, though not in the highest degree. The substance is below the form. The criticisms and observations are often commonplace, never novel or profound, and his happiest ideas can scarcely challenge any prouder designation than good common sense. With exquisite taste in his own compositions he never, strange to say, attained to much insight into the merits and defects of the writings of others. When his judgments are not false, they show neither nicety of discrimination nor keenness of relish.

In the autumn of 1757 he was once more thrown upon the town, sleeping in a garret and dating his letters from the Temple Exchange coffee-house, near Temple Bar. He was tracked to his lodgings by his brother Charles, who, hearing a rumor that Oliver was up in the world, had decamped secretly from Ireland to partake of this unwonted Goldsmith prosperity. The poor author made light of his situation, and said that the *Campaign of Addison* was written in a garret higher than his own; but Charles saw that he must seek for another patron, and was soon on his way to Jamaica. In a letter which Goldsmith wrote in December to his brother-in-law, Mr. Hodson, he speaks of himself as making shift to live by very little practice as a physician, and very little reputation as a poet. None of the poetry has been recovered, if indeed it ever existed; for his accounts of himself are not to be trusted. The only literary work which has been traced to him, at this period, is a short article in the "Critical Review" for November, 1757, and a translation from the French, entitled: "The Memoirs of a Protestant condemned to the Gallies of France for his Religion," which was published in February 1758. Even existence in a garret could not be supported upon the miserable proceeds of authorship, and he was fain to return to the Peckham Academy. He reappeared in the school, under what we should have supposed to have been happier auspices. The health of Dr. Milner was failing, and the head-mastership devolved, in great part, upon the usher. To the increased authority he derived from this circumstance was added the consideration, which in the worst days of literature must always have been

something, of having been thought competent to instruct the public through the press. Yet his situation was still uneasy; and the hope which brightened his prospects was the promise of Dr. Milner to procure him a medical appointment in India. He bade a final adieu to the Peckham seminary in August 1758; and shortly afterwards received the warrant which nominated him physician and surgeon to one of the factories on the coast of Coromandel. The salary was only a hundred a-year; but the private practice of the place, which followed the official station, was an extra thousand. To raise money for the outfit, which he calculated would require £130, he had for some time been preparing, in his leisure hours, "An Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe." He wrote to his relatives and old companions in Ireland to ask them to obtain subscriptions for the work. Two or three of those from whom he expected most, took no notice of his application, and verified the playful prediction in one of his letters of this date, which distinctly prefigures Mr. Forster and Mr. Cunningham. "There will come a day, no doubt it will, when the Scaligers and Daciers will vindicate my character, give learned editions of my labors, and bless the times with copious comments on the text. You shall see how they will fish up the heavy scoundrels who disregard me now. How will they bewail the times that suffered so much genius to be neglected!" It is true that the experience which these "heavy scoundrels" had had of the use to which Oliver put pecuniary assistance, was by no means encouraging; true that any rumors which reached them of his proceedings abroad, could only have exhibited him as a thoughtless idler or a mendicant vagrant; true that any tidings of his London vicissitudes must have surrounded him with the suspicion which always attends upon a man who is everything by turns and nothing long; but they also knew that he was as generous as he was improvident; that, if the situations had been reversed, they would not in vain have asked for themselves what they denied to him; that he had supported himself now for four years "without one word of encouragement, or one act of assistance;" and, what was most of all to the purpose, to invite subscriptions to a book was to give a practical proof that he was turning his talents to account.

While Goldsmith was anxiously waiting for his Irish supplies he had to disburse ten pounds for the warrant of his appointment by the East India Company. To raise the money, he wrote articles for the "Critical Review," which was superintended by the genius of Dr. Smollett. Two papers from Oliver's pen appeared in the number for January 1759, but before they saw the light the warrant which was to make his

fortune was withdrawn. The motive of this proceeding never transpired. That it arose from some cause which was mortifying to his vanity may be inferred from his always avoiding the subject, and from his assuring his brother Henry, in order to evade inconvenient explanations, that he had met with no disappointment in the business, though it was then three months since the warrant had been revoked. It was in November 1758, that he was thus summarily set aside, and, lowering his ambition to his circumstances, the ex-physician to the Coromandel Factory presented himself on the 21st of December before the examiners at Surgeons' Hall, to qualify for the office of an hospital mate. A single unlucky candidate of all who applied that day was too ignorant of the rudiments of surgical science to pass, and that one was Oliver Goldsmith, Bachelor of Medicine, and late practitioner of physic in Bankside, Southwark. Who is to tell, after this, what rare qualities of mind may coexist with stammering ignorance and a plebeian exterior?

His examination at Surgeons' Hall soon involved him in an additional misery. He had no clothes in which he could venture to appear before a tribunal composed of the grandees of the profession. He opened a negotiation with his old master, Griffiths, who, in return for four articles contributed to the "Monthly Review" of December, became security to a tailor for the requisite suit, which was to be paid for, or returned on a stated day. The stated day came, and found the clothes in pawn, and the four books which Griffiths had sent him to review in pledge to a friend. The occasion which reduced him to this breach of his word was the arrest of the landlord of his wretched lodging, to whom he was in arrear. The bookseller sent to demand the goods or their value, and, as Goldsmith could return neither, Griffiths wrote him word that he was "a sharper and a villain." In an answer full of woe the miserable debtor begs to be consigned to a jail. "I have seen it," he says, "inevitable these three or four weeks, and, by heavens! request it as a favor,—as a favor that may prevent somewhat more fatal." He denies the villany, but owns that he has been guilty of imprudence, and of "the meannesses which poverty unavoidably brings with it." The wrath of Griffiths was appeased by Goldsmith undertaking to furnish a "Life of Voltaire" for twenty pounds, from which the debt was to be subtracted. The memoir, which was finished in a month, he himself called "a catchpenny," and it is certainly unworthy both of the author and the subject. Here closed forever his ill-starred alliance with the bookseller, who was the first to start him in his literary career, and the first to make him feel the bitter bondage of the calling. Griffiths, Mr. Forster re-

lates, retired from his business three or four years later, and ended by keeping two carriages, and attending regularly at the meeting-house. So prosperous and pious a gentleman little dreamt that he was to be known to posterity by his gripping insolence to his pauper scribe.

Goldsmith said of himself that he had "a knack of hoping," but the multiplied disasters which followed close upon one another had nearly reduced him to despair. "I have been for some years," he said, in the affecting letter to Griffiths, of January 1759, "struggling with a wretched being, with all that contempt which indigence brings with it, and with all those strong passions which make contempt insupportable. What then has a jail that is formidable? I shall at least have the society of wretches, and such is to me true society." "You scarcely can conceive," he wrote to his brother in the February following, "how much eight years of disappointment, anguish, and study have worn me down. I can now neither partake of the pleasure of a revel, nor contribute to raise its jollity. I can neither laugh nor drink; have contracted a hesitating, disagreeable manner of speaking, and a visage that looks ill-nature itself. In short, I have thought myself into a settled melancholy, and an utter disgust of all that life brings with it." It was through the very excess of the darkness which had gathered around him that he worked his way into day. He ceased to indulge in the tantalizing expectations which had balked him so often, and, without further distractions, sullenly resigned himself to the only business for which he was fitted. If he had succeeded in entering the Church, he would soon have sunk in the eyes of his parishioners to the level of his clerk. If he had satisfied the examiners at Surgeons' Hall that he could set a bone, he would still, we may be sure, have been a bungling operator, and the tormentor of his patients. He once threatened, when a Mrs. Sidebotham rejected his advice, and adopted that of her apothecary, to leave off prescribing for his friends. "Do so, my dear Doctor," replied Beaucerk; "whenever you undertake to kill, let it only be your enemies." This was one of the true words which are spoken in jest. Johnson summed up the case when he said that his genius was great, but his knowledge was small. "No man," he remarked again, "was wiser when he had a pen in his hand, or more foolish when he had not." He had never been a student, and he had not that aptitude for facts, and that tenacity of memory, which enables many desultory readers to furnish their minds without steady toil. The materials for his charming compilations were hastily gathered for the occasion, and, being merely transplanted, as Johnson said, from one place to another without settling in his

mind, he was ignorant of the contents of his own books. Thus in common things he was below mediocrity, and he was driven to be a literary genius or nothing. He was never any judge of his own qualifications. He volunteered to take a journey to copy the inscriptions on the *Written Mountains*, which had baffled every traveller, though he was not acquainted with a single letter of any oriental language living or dead; and he memorialized Lord Bute to send him out to investigate the arts and sciences of the East, for the purpose of importing improvements into England, though Dr. Johnson exclaimed that he was utterly ignorant of the subject, and would have brought home "a grinding barrow that was to be seen in all the streets of London, and fancy he had furnished a wonderful improvement."

Just before his discomfiture in Surgeons' Hall he had removed to a lodging in a pent-up little square, now levelled with the ground, which, embosomed in a mass of buildings between Fleet Street and the Old Bailey, seemed named in mockery "Green Arbor Court," and which was approached by a steep flight of stone stairs called "Break-neck Steps." The houses were tall and tumbling, the inhabitants poor and filthy, the children over-many and over-noisy—in Mr. Forster's phrase, "a squalid and squalling colony." In this retreat he was visited by Percy, the well-known editor of the "Reliques," and afterwards Bishop of Dromore. Goldsmith had been introduced to him at the Temple Exchange Coffee-house, by Dr. Grainger, the author of the "Sugar-cane," and one of the contributors to Mr. Griffiths' "Monthly Review," and Percy had detected sufficient merit beneath the unpromising appearance of his new-made acquaintance to think him worth a call. He found him, at the beginning of March 1759, engaged upon his "Enquiry," in a dirty room, with only a single chair, which he gave up to his visitor, while he sat himself in the window. As the conversation was proceeding, a ragged little girl appeared at the door, and, dropping a courtesy to Goldsmith, said, "My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favor of you to lend her a chamber-pot full of coals." A volume of description would not convey a more vivid impression of the society of "Green Arbor Court" than this single trait; and ludicrous as is the incident, the respectful address of the messenger is yet a pleasing proof of the homage which was paid him by the ordinary inhabitants of the square. The most complete picture which, perhaps, we possess of Grub-street life has come down to us in connection with Goldsmith. The majority of distressed authors were too obscure to find a biographer. Those of greater pretensions had either started from a respectable position, or had quickly

reached a higher eminence. A single unwieldy figure, in the person of Johnson, was seen moving for years among the crowd of ill-dressed, ill-fed, badly-lodged, and insulted tribe who provided the ephemeral literature and party pamphlets of the day, but maintaining in the midst of his poverty such unshaken fortitude, such lofty principles, and such rugged independence, that the characteristics of the class were very imperfectly shadowed forth in him. The portrait drawn by Mr. Forster of the moral heroism and robust benevolence of this illustrious man is one of the most attractive episodes in his book. Goldsmith, on the contrary, had the habits and tastes of the class. After he had acquired celebrity, and was admitted to the society of men like Burke, Fox, Reynolds, and Beauchamp, he looked back with regret upon his former haunts. "In truth," he said to Mr. Cooke, "one sacrifices something for the sake of good company, for here I'm shut out of several places where I used to play the fool very agreeably." He did not persevere long in resisting his inclinations out of regard to appearances, nor did he ever get clear of the shifts and expedients which attended his earlier struggles. He was merely destined to exhibit in his person as he rose, all the gradations in the lot of a bookseller's dependant, from the poorest to the best-esteemed.

At the commencement of April appeared the "Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe," upon which Percy had found him engaged in the preceding month. If the work were to be judged by the promise held out in the title, a more superficial and unsatisfactory production has seldom issued from the press. Though he had travelled through Italy, Germany, and Holland, his account of the literature of these countries, to which he devoted distinct chapters, was so extremely meagre that it really conveyed no information at all. He enlarged but a very little more on the books and authors of England and France. He took up the paradox that the decay of learning had in every age been produced by criticism, and stated that the chief design of his Essay was to persuade people to write what they thought, regardless of reviewers. Yet the bulk of his treatise has no relation to this position, which he has not supported by any plausible argument. The fact is, that he put his private life into his books beyond any other genius whom we can call to mind, and he had not derived his doctrines from a survey of Europe, but from his personal experience of Mr. Griffiths' establishment. It is this, in conjunction with the pleasing style, and some scattered observations of a lively truth, which gives an interest to the work, in spite of its imperfections as a critical and philosophic disquisition. He

had seen that the praise and blame of the 'Monthly Review' were dispensed in accordance with the mercantile interests and vindictive passions of Griffiths. He had become acquainted with the ignorance of the starving scribblers who hung about the shop, eager, for the sake of a job, to do the bidding of their master, and who, when left to their own discretion, mistook railing for wit. He had witnessed the pain which their censures inflicted, and the injury done to books by their oracular abuse. No man, nevertheless, was ever written down except by himself, and the worst that the ablest and most wrongheaded critic can effect is to retard for a little space a reputation which is not fully formed, or to shorten the existence of some flimsy publication which if left to itself would die a natural death. He dwelt with equal emphasis upon the wrongs of authors,—complained of the contempt which was shown to them,—pointed out the evils of their bondage to booksellers,—and asked the great to renew the patronage of the preceding generation, when a dinner with Lord Somers procured invitations to Young the poet for the rest of the week. These opinions were natural to one who judged of booksellers from Griffiths,—of the respect paid to authors from the treatment experienced by the ragged tenant in 'Green Arbour Court,'—and of the advantage to be derived from the countenance of the nobility by the number of feasts which he hoped would accrue to men who were suffering, like himself, from hunger and neglect. But it is not now, nor, probably, was it then, in the power of any Mr. Griffiths to keep an author from fame who had the talent to deserve it; and as for a system of patronizing dinners, it has two fatal objections,—that it is not the needy, the obscure, and the struggling who would receive the invitations; and that any companionship of the kind which does not come about naturally from personal likings or sympathy of tastes, is a degradation instead of an honor.

"The Enquiry" attracted little attention. None of his other productions in the first nine months of 1759 have been identified, except a few contributions to the "Critical Review;" but in October, he is found exerting himself with unwonted diligence, furnishing essays to "The Busy-Body" and "The Ladies' Magazine," and writing the whole of a weekly paper called "The Bee," which alone consisted of thirty-two pages. "The Bee" expired after a brief existence of eight weeks. Though he had aimed at variety in his subjects, there was a uniformity in the treatment, and the objection made in "The Monthly Review," that "that the observations were frequently trite and common," is not unfounded. The best portions of the work appear to us to be the remarks upon acting, and on the habits of the



spider. Quantity and quality both considered, it is very creditable to the fertility of his mind, the readiness of his pen, and the elegance of his style. He must have had much ado to keep up with the press, and we are not surprised to learn that a visitor one evening entered the lodging in Green Arbor Court, turned the key of the door, commenced upbraidings, which were followed by a three hours' silence, at the close of which he came forth in good humor, and ordered in a supper from a neighboring tavern, to reward the poor author, who had just completed his arrears under the surveillance of his employer. In later days he was a rapid composer, and whole quires of his *Histories* and *"Animated Nature"* flowed from his pen with such facility, that, according to Bishop Percy, he had seldom occasion to correct a single word. "Ah," said he to Mr. Cradock, who was anxiously weighing phrases, "think of me who must write a volume a month." But at this earlier period he had an inconvenient propensity to linger over his work. "I could not suppress my lurking passion for applause," he makes George Primrose (who is the *alias* of Oliver Goldsmith) say, "but usually consumed that time in efforts after excellence when it should have been more advantageously employed in the diffusive productions of fruitful mediocrity. The public were more importantly employed than to observe the easy simplicity of my style or the harmony of my periods. Sheet after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. All wrote better, because they wrote faster than I." It was to this very pains, which seemed at the outset to curtail his profits without advancing his reputation, that he owed much of his subsequent fame. The power to glean knowledge is a common accomplishment which is shared by the dull; the power to clothe it in felicitous language is an exceptional gift, and as justly prized as it is rare. The fault, or rather the misfortune of Goldsmith, is, that his necessities seldom allowed him to care enough—that incongruous words, careless phrases, and weak and slovenly sentences, blot his beautiful prose.

On the 1st of January, 1760, appeared the opening number of the "*British Magazine*," a monthly publication edited by Dr. Smollett; and on the 12th the "*Public Ledger*," a daily newspaper, which was started by Mr. Newberry the bookseller. Goldsmith was invited to contribute to both. He furnished about twenty essays to the magazine, and for the newspaper he wrote his well-known "*Citizen of the World*." He usually provided two letters a week, and for these he was paid a guinea apiece. They soon attracted a certain degree of attention; but we infer from his own later language on the little notice which his essays obtained, that their popularity was not great.

"Whenever I write anything," he ludicrously said to Johnson at some period which preceded the publication of "*The Traveller*," "the public *make a point* to know nothing about it." The plan which Goldsmith adopted in "*The Citizen of the World*" of introducing an Oriental commenting upon manners so different from his own had been frequently tried, and in the case of Montesquieu with distinguished success. The absurdity of usages which only appear rational because they are familiar become strikingly apparent when they are described by a stranger with the wonder of novelty. This happy artifice comes to nothing in the hands of Goldsmith. His Chinese is to all intents and purposes an Englishman; and whenever he attempts to make him speak in character, the failure is complete. It is simply as a collection of light papers upon the vices and follies of the day that the work must be regarded. As in all his speculations, there is much that is commonplace; but he skims pleasantly over the surface of things, gives picturesque sketches of the men he met and the haunts he frequented, and intermingles observations which, whether grave or gay, bear the stamp of his kindly nature. The series, consisting of one hundred and twenty-three letters, was brought to a conclusion about the middle of 1761, and was republished in two small volumes at the beginning of 1762.

In the gracefully told story of the "*Man in Black*," which derives additional interest from its being in the main an epitome of the life of the essayist himself, he talks of his improvident generosity, and his discovery that the way to assist the needy was not to secure independence. "My immediate care, therefore," he says, "was to leave my present habitation, and make an entire reformation in my conduct and behavior." He removed, accordingly, towards the close of 1760, into better lodgings in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, but the reformation in his conduct did not ensue. In everything which he wrote at this period he dwells upon the superiority of economy and justice over the misplaced liberality which puts the donor into the indigent circumstances of the person he relieves, for he had been smarting from the effects of discharging the debts of others with the money which should have gone to defray his own. In furtherance of his design he boasted that he had exchanged his free and open manner for a close suspicious air, and that he was now on his guard against the needy sharpers who, instead of picking his pockets, prevailed on him to empty them of his own accord into their hands. But he rightly called himself a mere machine of pity, incapable of withstanding the slightest exhibition of real or fictitious distress, and, however knowing his looks, his power to see through the clumsiest fraud was on a par with

his firmness. He seems to have smiled at his own impotent resolutions in the moment of forming them. "One of the most heroic actions I ever performed," says the Man in Black, "and for which I shall praise myself as long as I live, was the refusing half-a-crown to an old acquaintance at the time when he wanted it and I had it to spare." This does not promise much constancy in the course, and no indication ever appeared that he had left his improvidence or his simplicity in his Green Arbor Court lodging. Among other good deeds, he remembered the landlady to the day of his death, supplied her from time to time with food from his table, and frequently returned to the scene of his old one-chaired apartment to cheer and assist her.

In evidence of his progress in detecting imposition we are told that one Pilkington, who had long preyed upon the easiness of his nature, and had exasperated him by his conduct, burst into his room in extasies of joy. He apologized for the liberty, but his fortune was made, and he could not resist hurrying to impart the glad tidings to his best and earliest benefactor. The Duchess of Manchester had a mania for white mice. She possessed a pair, and for years had been offering enormous sums for a second. Pilkington had commissioned a friend in India to send him two from the East; they were now in the river on board the good ship "Earl of Chatham," and he pulled out the letter advising him of their despatch. Nothing stood between him and independence except the want of a suitable cage in which to present them, and he could no more raise the two guineas for the purpose than pay off the national debt. Goldsmith protested that a single half-guinea was all he had in the world. "Ay," says Pilkington, "but you have a watch; if you could let me have that I could pawn it across the way for two guineas, and be able to repay you with heart-felt gratitude in a few days." Pilkington must have resolved to have his jest as well as his guineas when he made poor Oliver the dupe of so gross a hoax. Two years elapsed, when he suddenly reappeared in a state of semi-intoxication at Goldsmith's chambers, and greeted him in the language of familiar friendship, at the unlucky moment when Topham Beauclerk and General Oglethorpe were honoring him with their company, and he was ashamed to seem intimate with the vulgar and disreputable importer of white mice. Pilkington had come to pay, not the guineas, but the "heart-felt gratitude." "Here, my dear friend," he suddenly exclaimed, as he pulled a couple of little parcels out of his pocket, "is a quarter of a pound of tea and half a pound of sugar, for though it is not in my power at present to return you the two guineas, you nor any man else shall ever have it to say that I want grati-

tude." Oliver, roused to anger, bid him be-gone, and he departed carrying his tea and sugar with him. They never met again; but when Pilkington was dying, a messenger took, says Mr. Forster, "to the poor starving creature's deathbed a guinea from Mr. Goldsmith."

Mr. Cook, who relates the anecdote of the white mice, has coupled with it another illustration of the extreme credulity of his friend. He appeared late and hungry at a club, and, having eaten no dinner, ordered a dish of mutton chops for supper. His companions, to balk his eager appetite, drew their chairs from the table on the appearance of the dish, and gave sundry symptoms of disgust. Goldsmith asked, anxiously, if anything was the matter with the chops; but they evaded the question, and it was only with much pressing, that they were brought to tell him that the smell was offensive. He rang the bell, covered the waiter, who quickly caught up the jest, with abuse, and, for a punishment, insisted, at the suggestion of the company, that the man should eat the horrible viands himself. A fresh supper was prepared for Oliver, who, soon regretting the vengeance he had taken, ordered 'a dram for the poor waiter, who might otherwise get sick from so nauseating a meal.' What wild tales of things beyond his immediate cognizance, would not a man believe, who smelt the dish beneath his nose, by the assertions of his friends!

In the lodging, in Wine Office Court, Goldsmith, on the 31st of May, 1761, received, for the first time to supper, the great Samuel Johnson. Percy, who brought about the meeting, called for the sage, and found him in a trim unlike what he had ever witnessed before—his clothes new, and his wig nicely powdered. Marvelling why the negligent Johnson should dress himself with such courtly care to visit an indigent author, in his humble apartment, Percy ventured to inquire the cause, and received for reply—"Why, sir, I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency, by quoting my practice, and I am desirous, this night, to show him a better example." An addiction to foppery had been the former, as it was the subsequent, weakness of Oliver. In Ireland, he got the reputation of attempting to dazzle his bishop by a pair of scarlet breeches; in Edinburgh, as we learn from a tailor's bill which Mr. Forster has recovered, he wore 'rich sky-blue satin,' 'fine sky-blue shalloon,' and 'silver hat-lace'; 'on settling in London, he was met by an old school-fellow in a tarnished suit of green and gold; when his reputation was established, a waiting-woman at a house where he visited, remembered him chiefly by the ludicrous ostentation with which he showed off his cloak and cane; and when he was with a party of

celebrities, such as Johnson, Reynolds, Garrick, and Murphy, 'he strutted about bragging of his bloom-colored coat,' and announcing that his tailor, Mr. Filby, had begged to be recommended when admiring spectators asked who made his clothes. From the retort of Johnson, that Mr. Filby was thinking of the crowd which would be attracted by the strange hue of the cloth, and of the credit he should get for producing a reputable garment out of so absurd a color, it may be presumed that even for those gayer-dressing days, it was ridiculously gaudy. It was, therefore, from no indifference to appearances, that for a brief interval he resigned himself to a sordid style of dress. His pockets were empty, his credit nothing, and, making a virtue of necessity, he was glad to justify the meanness of his attire by the example of Johnson.

The year 1762 found him still working upon a variety of compilations for Mr. Newberry, of whom he said, that 'he was the patron of more distressed authors than any man of his time,' and a distressed author now, and ever after, was Oliver Goldsmith. On one occasion, this patron paid him twenty guineas—'a sum,' he said, 'I was so little used to receive in a lump, that I felt myself under the embarrassment of Captain Brazen in the play, whether I should build a privateer or a playhouse with the money.' The embarrassment, which quickly followed, was of an opposite kind, and he had constant recourse to Mr. Newberry for loans. 'These paltry advances,' Mr. Forster admirably remarks, in language which ought to sink into the mind of every man who makes literature his profession, 'are a hopeless entanglement. They bar freedom of judgment on anything proposed, and escape is felt to be impossible. Some days—some weeks, perhaps—have been lost in idleness or illness; the future becomes a mortgage to the past, every hour has its want forestalled upon the labor of the succeeding hour, and Gulliver lies bound in Lilliput.'

This was the period of the famous Cock-lane ghost. A clerk in a public office, prohibited by the law from marrying the sister of his deceased wife, he lived with her in concubinage. She died of the small pox in the early part of 1760, bequeathing her property, which was about a hundred pounds, to her lover.

They had previously lodged in Cock-lane with one Parsons, a parish clerk, who borrowed money of his tenant; and, being unable or unwilling to defray the debt, he was sued by his creditor. The grudge which rankled in the mind of Parsons found vent upon the death of the woman; and he set his daughter, a girl of twelve, to assert that she had seen her ghost, and to counterfeit noises which were supposed to come from the "per-

turbed spirit." The final result to which the device tended was, that the ghost was to knock, in answer to questions, twice for a negative and once for an affirmative, and by this means to indicate that she had been poisoned by her paramour, and wished him hanged. The sensation excited by the farce, at the commencement of 1762, was immense. The Duke of York, Lord Hertford, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, and Horace Walpole, went together in a hackney-coach; and, though it rained torrents, found the lane full of people, and the house so crammed that it was impossible to get in till somebody recognized the Duke. While the phrenzy was proceeding, Dr. Johnson, in conjunction with other persons of eminence investigated the story. The ghost had never made a sign except when the girl was present and in bed; and, the Doctor obliging her to place her hands above the clothes, the noises ceased. The spirit having very incautiously promised to strike her own coffin, which was in the church of St. John, Clerkenwell, the company adjourned to the vault, and called upon her in vain to keep her word. The exposure was complete; and Johnson drew up a statement of the particulars, and published it in the newspapers. The Doctor himself always spoke of his share in detecting the cheat with much satisfaction; but many, with Churchill at their head, laughed at him for thinking it worth a serious refutation. Parsons, for his infamous attempt to procure the death of his former lodger by a judicial murder, was three times set in the pillory, at the end of Cock-lane, and imprisoned for a year. The mob, who were more ready "to take the ghost's word" than to listen to Johnson's reasoning, sympathized with Parsons, and collected a subscription for him. An incident which, for weeks, was the talk of the town, promised to prove a popular topic; and, by an extant receipt for three guineas, paid by Newberry, Goldsmith was known to have produced a pamphlet on the subject. The supposed piece, under the title of "The Mystery Revealed," has been lately discovered, and is republished by Mr. Cunningham in Goldsmith's works.

Shortly after Johnson had laid, and Goldsmith chronicled, the Cock-lane ghost, the worn-out author visited Tumbridge and Bath for his health. The king of the latter place, the notorious Beau Nash, had died the year before, and Goldsmith took advantage of the event to write his Life. He speaks, in many passages, of his personal acquaintance with him; and though it does not appear when or where the meeting occurred, it is either a fact, or he must have received considerable assistance from the friends of the Beau. The literal report of his conversation, than which nothing can be more dramatic, and of itself, conveys

a perfect picture of the man, together with the details of his habits and manners, could only have proceeded from a familiar associate. The merit of the biography is less as a piece of composition, a particular in which it is very unequal, than as a vivid portrait of the vanities, the follies, the vices, and, what was a redeeming trait, the charities of this poor slave and arbiter of fashion. He has neither exalted nor caricatured him. He describes him as what he was: "a weak man governing weaker subjects," frivolous, insipid, petulant, and boastful, without steady principles or the lighter talents. People bore with his dominion because he was a useful manager of their amusements, and because they were conscious that they paid him but a mock respect. Goldsmith received for this biography, which is of considerable length, only fourteen guineas.

At the end of 1762, Goldsmith, urged, we suppose, by the necessity for fresher air and more active exercise, hired, in addition to his London lodging, country apartments in Islington from a friend of Newberry, Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming. To secure the landlady her dues, and to protect Goldsmith from the effects of his own prodigality, it was agreed that the bookseller should pay the board and lodging quarterly, and deduct it from the literary earnings of his author. What little money Oliver fingered was doled out to him in small sums of from one to two guineas at a time. No better arrangement could be made for a man who, in his own words, was careless of the future, and intent upon enjoying the present; but even this precaution, after a short trial, proved insufficient to ward off the old distresses. In the mean while, besides writing sundry miscellanies, he was busy upon a "History of England" for the young, in a series of letters. His mode of compiling was to spend his morning in reading such a portion of Hume, Rapin, and sometimes Kennet, as would furnish matter for a single chapter. He passed the remainder of his day with his friends, and when he went up to bed, wrote off his forenoon preparations with the same facility as a common letter. With such a system there could be no deep research, comprehensive views, or profound thought. Nor does he pretend to anything of the kind. His aim was to produce a pleasing, transparent narrative, and in this he succeeded. The "Letters" appeared, in 1764, as from a "Nobleman to his Son," and were generally attributed to the first Lord Lyttleton, whose stiff and heavy composition had no resemblance whatever to the easy and often careless style of Goldsmith. The sale of the book was rapid; and, though superficial and inaccurate, it has never ceased to be a favorite.

Newberry's payments exceeding Goldsmith's earnings, the advances came to an end, and the landlady's bills were left undischarged.

She was a woman in whom resolution was un-mixed with tenderness, and, notwithstanding that the arrears were of short continuance, she arrested him at the close of 1764 for her rent. When Boswell expressed his wonder that he who had obtained the title of the "great moralist" should be kind to a man of very bad character, Goldsmith replied—"He is now become miserable, and that insures the protection of Johnson." It was to this steady friend of the miserable that he had recourse in his present dilemma, and when the messenger returned he brought with him a guinea and the assurance that the moralist would speedily follow. Johnson found him in a violent passion, the guinea changed, and a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. As they talked of the means of extricating him from his difficulties, Goldsmith produced a novel he had composed in his snatches of leisure, and Johnson, after glancing his eye through its pages, sallied out and sold it for sixty pounds to James Newberry, the nephew of the bookseller with whom we are already familiar. Oliver paid his rent, rated the landlady, and left her lodgings. Johnson thought himself that the novel would meet with but moderate success, and Newberry's opinion of it was not sufficiently high to induce him to print it. A manuscript which was among the most precious ever penned was thrown aside for the present, and half of Goldsmith's immortality lay exposed to the accidents which grow out of negligence.

But the day was now come when he was to emerge from obscurity, and gain that station among the eminent men of his time for which he had pined so long. "The Traveller," which he had commenced nine years before when he was abroad, and which he had brooded over at intervals with fond solicitude, was at last ready for the press. In 1758, when he was young in authorship, he told his brother Henry that poetry was easier to produce than prose, which can only be taken as an indication that he was not then the ready writer of prose which he quickly became, for to the last he composed poetry with singular slowness. He used to say that he had been four or five years in gathering the incidents of his "Deserted Village," and two years were spent in the process of versifying what he had gleaned. Nobody would have guessed when "The Traveller" appeared on the 19th of December, 1764, what months of toil lay hid in that little pamphlet of verse, which seemed as if it had flowed from the author's mind with the same facility that it fell from the reader's tongue. But the labor had not been greater than the reward. In a few weeks it crept into reputation, and was equally admired by the many and the discriminating few. Johnson declared that there had been no such piece

since the time of Pope, and Fox said later that it was one of the finest poems in the English language. There is perhaps no other which combines an equal amount of ease and polish—which preserves a juster medium between negligence and constraint. The sentiments and language are of the same mild and equable cast. There are no bold flights of fancy, no daring metaphors, no sublime ideas or penetrating maxims. The charm is in the happy selection of the particulars which compose his pictures of men and nature in the different countries of Europe, and in the almost unvarying elegance, and often the felicity, of the language in which these particulars are embodied. Many single lines are unsurpassed for gentle beauty of expression, and for the distinctness of the image which they place before the mind. He excels, too, in those artifices of style by which the repetition of words and phrases adds melody and force. His verse is pitched in the key which suits with the general spirit of his poetry. It is less resounding than that of Johnson, but it has sufficient fullness of tone, and is all but uniformly musical.\* For this delightful production, which he had been nine years in bringing to maturity, and which passed through nine editions during his life, he received, of Mr. Newberry, twenty guineas. Whether he reserved to himself any future share of the profits is uncertain; but we question if an obscure author, which he then was, would obtain a larger equivalent in the pre-

\* "There is not," said Langton, "a bad line in that poem of the Traveller; not one of Dryden's careless verses." He must have forgotten the last line of the following couplet, which ought to have been intolerable to the fine ear of Goldsmith:—

"As different good, by Art or Nature given,  
To different nations, makes their blessings  
even."

The passage cost him considerable trouble, for he expunged the version which stands in the first edition, and the couplet we have quoted makes part of the second attempt. The few additions he owed to Johnson are excellent, and one line especially, which he introduced into Goldsmith's description of the wanderer lost in the forest, and dreading destruction from Indians or wild beasts, is admirable for its terseness, its melody, and the vivid picture which it presents of a man struggling between terror and fatigue.

"There, while above the giddy tempest flies,  
And all around distressful yells arise,  
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,  
*To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,*  
Casts a long look where England's glories  
shine,  
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine."

The expression in the last of these lines is affected, and a few more exceptions could be found to Langton's remark.

sent day for the copyright of a poem of the same length and merit. It is the success of the publication which makes the sum appear small, while Newberry had to consider the risk of loss as well as the chance of gain. Johnson got but ten guineas for his 'London,' and only five more for his 'Vanity of Human Wishes.'

'The Traveller' was inscribed to the brother, to whom the first sketch was sent from Switzerland, and who is addressed in the opening lines of the poem in as magical language as was ever dictated by genius and affection combined. Henry Goldsmith was seven years older than Oliver, and something of the respect which would be paid to a parent, seems to have mingled with the fraternal love of the younger; for not only in his public dedication, but in a private letter, he calls him 'Dear Sir.' He soon afterwards gave a proof of his attachment. The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland—the Earl of Northumberland—hearing that the author of 'The Traveller' was a native of that country, sent for him, and offered to promote his advancement, to which Goldsmith replied, that he had a brother, a clergyman, who stood in need of help. 'As for myself,' said Oliver to Sir John Hawkins, who was waiting in the other room, 'I look to the booksellers for support; they are my best friends, and I am not inclined to forsake them for others.' He was feeling then the first flush of satisfaction from the increased estimation in which he was held by the trade, and the more liberal offers which came thick upon him; but the power of his name only served, in the end, to increase his embarrassments. He employed it to raise larger sums and contract more numerous obligations, while the money was quickly spent and the obligations remained. In the compassion which is excited by the distresses of Goldsmith, it must never be forgotten, that many of them were the result of his own misconduct; and we fear, if a debtor and creditor account were struck, it would be found, at the close, that, in money dealings, he had been guilty of greater injustice to others than had ever been committed against himself.

In 1763 was established, what many years later received the title of the 'Literary Club,' but which at first was called the 'Turk's Head Club,' from the name of the tavern where it met.\* It was settled by its founders, Johnson and Reynolds, that it should consist of such men that, if only two of them attended, they should have the ability to entertain one another. Goldsmith was among the nine

\* The most accurate and complete account of the early history of the Literary Club which has yet appeared will be found in the volumes of Mr. Forster.



original members, and owed this honor to the influence and recommendation of Johnson, who, in the same year, said of him to Boswell, 'He is one of the first men we now have, as an author, and he is a very worthy man, too. He has been loose in his principles, but he is coming right.' But this opinion of his literary attainments was that of Johnson himself, and not of the world. What he had hitherto written had been published anonymously, and, if Hawkins is to be believed, when he was mentioned for the club the notion prevailed, that he was a mere bookseller's drudge, incapable of anything higher than translating or compiling. Admitted at first upon sufferance, he was now become, by the publication of his poem, among the ornaments of the society. The attention he began to receive is shown in his amusing and characteristic speech, when Kelly introduced himself to him at the Temple Exchange Coffee-house, and asked him to dinner. 'I would with pleasure,' said Goldsmith, 'accept your kind invitation, but, to tell you the truth, my dear boy, my "Traveler" has found me a home in so many places, that I am engaged, I believe, three days. Let me see—to-day I dine with Edmund Burke, to-morrow with Dr. Nugent, and the next day with Topham Beauclerk; but I'll tell you *what I'll do for you*, I'll dine with you Saturday.' About the same time Lloyd, the friend of Churchill, accosted him in a tavern, and, claiming his acquaintance as a brother poet, invited him to a supper-party in the evening. Long after midnight Goldsmith heard the voice of his host in altercation with a man in the passage, and, hastening to the support of his new friend, found that the landlord of the house, to whom Lloyd was already in debt, was refusing to trust him for the reckoning. 'Pho, pho, my dear boy!' exclaimed Goldsmith, 'let's have no more words about the matter;' and turning to the landlord, asked him if he would take his pledge for the amount. 'Most certainly, Doctor,' said the man, 'and for as much more as you like.' 'Why, then,' rejoined Lloyd, 'send in another cast of wine, and add it to the bill.' With this bill the landlord presented himself in due course at Goldsmith's door, and he discovered, too late, that the evening's entertainment had, in every sense of the word, been at his expense.

Among other effects of his growing fame, it was now that he resolved his dress should be worthy of his reputation, and he appeared in purple silk smallclothes, a scarlet great-coat, and a physician's wig. He carried a gold-headed cane, the badge of his calling, in his hand, and a sword, which was never combined with this professional symbol, hung at his side. The weapon was so disproportioned to his diminutive stature, that a coxcomb, who passed him in the Strand, called to his companion 'to

look at that fly with a long pin stuck through it.' Goldsmith not only descended to a retort, and cautioned the passengers against that 'brace of pickpockets,' but stepped from the footpath into the roadway, half-drew his sword, and invited the jester to a mortal combat. The fops slunk away amid the hooting of the spectators; and the story has been told as an instance of the manly valor of Goldsmith. Such a vamping challenge in a crowded street, where a duel was impossible, seems to us to be only a proof of his extreme indiscretion.

Goldsmith, in the early part of 1764, left his town lodging in Wine-Office Court, for Garden Court, in the Temple, where he shared his rooms with the butler of the society. Ashamed of their mean appearance, he observed apologetically to Johnson, 'I shall soon be in better chambers, Sir, than these.' 'Nay, Sir,' said Johnson, 'Never mind that. *Nil te quæsieris extra.*' When the sudden success of the 'Traveller' changed his position in the world, he removed to more decent apartments in the same court. His country quarters were, first in a room of Canonbury Tower, Islington, and next in a small house in the Edgeware Road, which he shared with one Bott, a barrister, described by Cooke as 'an intimate literary friend.' His labors during 1765, and a large portion of 1766, have left little trace, and, unless we had known that he was compelled to write to live, we should have inferred that he had resigned himself to the indolent enjoyment of his fame. It is conjectured, from a memorandum by Newberry, that he drew up at this time the rough draught of the work entitled 'A Survey of Experimental Philosophy,' which was not published till after his death, and which, small as is now its scientific value, may still be read with pleasure, for that translucent style and felicity of expression which throw a literary charm over even the rigid facts of natural philosophy. He made a selection of 'Poems for Young Ladies,' in 1766, for which he had ten guineas, and for another compilation of the same kind, in 1767, he was paid fifty. For the latter he told Mr. Cooke he got two hundred pounds, just as three years before he assured Boswell that he had received four hundred for the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' He must have paid dearly for these false pretences. The mention of such large sums would invite applications from needy friends, which with his easy disposition, and his anxiety to make good his boast, he would be unable to resist. Though the two hundred pounds was a fable, he assigned an excellent reason why so slight a task should be so liberally rewarded. 'A man,' he said, 'shows his judgment in these selections, and he may often be twenty years of his life cultivating that judgment.'

On the 27th of March, 1766, the 'Vicar of Wakefield' appeared, and ran through three editions in the year. Its excellence, therefore, was recognized at once, but it was not at first what it has since become, one of the most popular books in the English language. Garrick said there was nothing to be learned from it; Johnson called it a 'mere fanciful performance;' and Burke, in praising it, seems to have specified its pathos as its distinguishing merit. When Johnson said it was fanciful, he alluded, we presume, to the construction of the story, which is full of improbabilities. The accumulated miseries which befall the vicar and his family, and their strange and rapid return to prosperity, have often been mentioned as passing the bounds of ordinary experience. The majority, indeed, of the principal incidents arise from a series of chances, which, separately, were not unlikely to happen, but which in conjunction cease to be natural. When the vicar is supping with the servants at the fine mansion, and the master and mistress unexpectedly return, it saves him from discomfiture that they enter accompanied by the object of his son's attachment, Miss Arabella Wilmot. When the whole party go to witness the performance of the strolling players, this son stands before him as one of the actors. When he continues his journey, and stops at night at a little public-house, he hears the landlady abuse a poor lodger in the garret, and recognizes his lost daughter in the supplicant's voice. Such wonderful meetings are set thick in the tale. The characters themselves in several particulars are overdone. The simplicity of the vicar is delightful, but when he mistakes such a servant as Goldsmith has drawn for the owner of the house, and such women of the town for London fine ladies, the credulity of Dr. Primrose is much too great for that of the reader. Sir William Thornhill is represented as a good and sensible man, but he shows himself to be neither when he abandons his estate to a monster like his nephew, and permits the vicar to be crushed by miseries he could have averted or relieved. Yet in spite of these and numerous other blemishes of the same description, the story, from first to last, leaves a pervading sense of beauty upon the mind. This is in a large degree due to the running commentary of wise and gentle sentiments which gives the tone to the narrative, and to the charm of the serene and finished style, of what is by far the finest specimen of Goldsmith's prose. If an objection is to be made, it is that the neatness is so uniform that it grows monotonous. But its highest excellence is as a representation of domestic life, painted with the smoothness and minute fidelity of a Dutch picture. It is a phase of humanity which lies within the experience, and carries with it the sympathy, of

nearly all the world, and is not the less relished that the family, with more than an ordinary amount of the amiability, have their full share of the petty weaknesses of their class. The vicar is the most perfect character in the book, but while we love him for his benevolence, his resignation, and his cheerfulness, we smile at the contrast between the sense of his conversation and the simplicity of his conduct, at the wise maxims which he utters on every occasion, and which on every occasion are overruled by the pertinacity of his wife and daughters. Nothing else in the tale equals the skill and humor with which Goldsmith has depicted the vanities and stratagems of the female part of the establishment, and especially of poor Mrs. Primrose herself, whom he barely manages to redeem from contempt. The nature, however, which he describes, is what lies chiefly upon the surface. He did not attempt to sound the depths of the heart, which is the faculty that Johnson valued most in a novelist, and the want of it in Goldsmith was a principal cause of his low estimation of the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' Much as Oliver had seen of life, he had no great power of seizing character. He was never able to travel far beyond the circle of his early home. The vicar was his father, and out of his not very complex self he has contrived to furnish two characters—George Primrose and Sir William Thornhill. Even these materials were not employed for the first time. He had drawn extensively upon them before, in the story of the 'Man in Black,' and in other portions of his miscellaneous writings. If the male characters were family portraits, there can be little question that Mrs. Primrose had a strong resemblance to his mother, and Olivia and Sophia to his sisters; for since he left Ireland he had never sat at a domestic hearth, and had had no later experience of the female life he describes.\*

The pecuniary obligations of Goldsmith

\* One indication of the extreme popularity of this delightful story is the number of subjects it has furnished for pictures, some of which are as beautiful as the book which inspired them. No one who has ever seen it can forget the exquisite work of Mulready, "The Choosing the Wedding Gown," or the masterly painting by MacIise of "Moses and the gross of Green Spectacles," which was in the Academy Exhibition of 1850. Nothing could be more faithful to the spirit of Goldsmith's characters than the expression depicted in each of the countenances in the latter picture, the emotion varying with every member of the group, and as true as it was powerful in all. No pictures are more popular than those which illustrate some literary masterpiece, and none will have a more enduring interest. The beautiful paintings of Mr. Leslie owe their reputation to their intrinsic excellence, but it certainly adds to the delight they afford that they give form and color to our shadowy ideas of the creations of Cervantes, Goldsmith, and Sterne.

continued to increase with his years, and he was recommended to write for the stage,—a successful play at that period producing far larger profits to the author than any other species of literary composition. He acted on the advice, and, having completed in 1767 his comedy of the “Good-natured Man,” offered it to Garrick. Davies informs us that Johnson took pleasure in introducing Goldsmith to his eminent acquaintances, but he had not brought him into contact with his old pupil, for a bad feeling had long existed between the actor and the poet. It was the latter that laid the foundation of the ill-will by commenting with severity upon the treatment which dramatists received from managers in a passage of his “Essay upon Polite Learning” that was aimed at Garrick. Shortly afterwards the office of secretary to the “Society of Arts and Sciences” became vacant, and Goldsmith, not very delicately, called upon the subject of his censure, who was a perfect stranger to him, and requested his vote. The manager replied that he had deprived himself of all claim to his support by an unprovoked attack. “In truth,” Goldsmith said, “he had spoken his mind, and he believed he was very right.” They parted with outward civility and mutual irritation, and met no more until they were put into communication by Reynolds, with a view to get the “Good-natured Man” upon the stage. Garrick, according to Davies, expected to be courted, and Goldsmith was determined not to fawn. Differences soon broke out between them. Garrick demanded alterations, Goldsmith was pertinacious in refusing to make them, and gave only a modified consent in the end; Garrick proposed that Whitehead the laureate—we cannot say the poet—should arbitrate between them, and Goldsmith rejected the suggestion as an insult. It at last came to an open rupture, and Oliver, after telling the actor that he suspected his conduct to be dictated by revenge for the old offence, withdrew his comedy, and sent it to Colman, the new manager of Covent-Garden theatre, who immediately accepted it. “I cannot help feeling a secret satisfaction,” he wrote to his new ally, “that poets for the future are likely to have a protector who declines taking advantage of their dependent situation, and scorns that importance which may be acquired by trifling with their anxieties.” A little further experience of the protector of poets changed his opinion. The words with which Garrick concluded his part of the correspondence breathed a kindly spirit. “It has been the business,” he said, “and ever will be, of my life, to live on the best terms with men of genius, and I know that Dr. Goldsmith will have no reason to change his previous friendly disposition towards me, as I shall be glad of every opportu-

nity to convince him how much I am his well-wisher.”

At Covent-Garden the play appeared on the 29th of January, 1768, and was opened by a prologue from the pen of Johnson, in which Goldsmith was designated “our little bard.” The epithet was as distasteful to his dignity as Pope’s “low-born Allen” was to the wealthy proprietor of Prior Park, and Johnson, to humor him, changed it to “anxious.” Anxious enough he had reason to be, for the play long hung trembling in the balance, and at the scene of the bailiffs there burst forth a cry of “*Low! vulgar!*” which had nearly proved fatal to it. The irresistible comicality with which Shuter, who performed the part of Croaker, read the incendiary letter in the fourth act, coupled with the strenuous exertions of the poet’s friends, who had assembled in great strength, saved the piece. But though not actually damned, it had only just struggled through; and the experiment on the whole was felt to be a failure. Goldsmith retired with his colleagues of the “Literary Club” to sup at the “Turk’s Head,” joined gaily in the conversation, and, as he afterwards related, when he and Johnson were the guests of Dr. Percy at the chaplain’s table at St. James’s, “to impress them more forcibly with an idea of his magnanimity,” sang his favorite song about “*an old woman tossed in a blanket seventeen times as high as the moon.*” “All this while,” he continued, “I was suffering horrid tortures, and verily believe that if I had put a bit into my mouth it would have strangled me on the spot, I was so excessively ill; but I made more noise than usual to cover all that; and so they never perceived my not eating, nor I believe at all imaged to themselves the anguish of my heart. When all were gone except Johnson here I burst out crying, and even swore that I would never write again.” “All which,” remarked Johnson, taking up the conversation, “I thought had been a secret between you and me; and I am sure I would not have said anything about it for the world.” When his own “Irene” met with such a dubious reception, and he was asked how he felt, he replied, “Like the Monument;” and he might well wonder at the exposure of a weakness to which his sturdier mind would have scorned to give way. The fortune of Johnson’s tragedy and Goldsmith’s comedy on their first appearance was nearly identical. As the introduction of the bailiffs had almost cut short the performance of the one, so the attempt to strangle the heroine of the other upon the stage called forth shouts of “Murder! murder!” which were with difficulty quelled. “Irene,” by the friendship of Garrick, lingered nine nights; the “Good-natured Man,” as Mr. Cooke relates, “*dragged through*” ten; and both dramatists

received one hundred pounds, in addition to theatrical profits, for the copyright of their plays. The sum derived by Goldsmith from the performances of his "third nights," which was then the mode of remunerating the author, was four hundred pounds. Without the direct testimony of Mr. Cooke, "that the success of the comedy fell infinitely short of what either Goldsmith or his friends had anticipated," we should have augured from the result that it had done by no means ill."

The indifferent reception of the "Good-natured Man" was not the only mortification connected with it. When Goldsmith commenced his literary career, sentimental comedy had possession of the stage. To be solemn was as much the fashion then as is the dreary attempt to be vivacious now. He waged war from the outset with the prevailing taste, and in his "Essay on Polite Learning" vindicated the humorous exposure of absurdities from the imputation of being low. The "Good-natured Man" was a practical attempt to give effect to his theory. At the same period the Hugh Kelly with whom he had promised to dine by way of "doing something for him," a man destitute of acquired knowledge but with fair natural talent, commenced a play in the approved sentimental style. Though by this time they had advanced to considerable intimacy, Goldsmith was filled with jealousy and alarm at what he considered a rival scheme, and, being questioned by somebody as to Kelly's project, he replied, "he knew nothing at all about it. He had heard there was a man of that name about town who wrote in newspapers, but of his talents for comedy, or even for the work he was engaged in, he could not judge." Kelly's piece, under the title of "False Delicacy," was brought out by Garrick at Drury-lane theatre on the 23d of January, six nights before the performance of the "Good-natured Man." "All kinds of composition," said Grimm, "are good except the tiresome," and to this kind the sentimental comedy belonged. Great, nevertheless, was the success of "False Delicacy." It was played twenty nights in the season to crowded houses; the sale of it when printed was ten thousand copies; and the bookseller who purchased it, to evince his gratitude, gave the author a public breakfast and a piece of plate. The entire gains of Kelly amounted to more than seven hundred pounds. The fame of the piece was not limited to England. It was translated into German, Portuguese, and French, and was played in Lisbon and Paris with marked applause. These continental honors were perplexing to Goldsmith. He denied at first that any translation had been made, and when the fact was demonstrated beyond dispute he gravely asserted that "it must be done for the purpose of exhibiting it

at the booth of foreign fairs, for which it was well enough calculated." He vented his spleen at coffee-houses as well as among his friends, and vowed "he would write no more for the stage whilst the dramatic chair was occupied by such blockheads." In the midst of these pangs of envy he accidentally met Kelly, who was no stranger to the abuse he had lavished upon him, in the Green-room of Covent-Garden theatre, and congratulated him faintly on the success of his comedy. "I cannot thank you," said Kelly, "for I cannot believe you." They never spoke again, but, when Goldsmith was buried, Kelly of his own accord joined the funeral procession, and wept bitterly over the grave.

"False Delicacy," like its author, has passed away, and the "Good-natured Man" survives. "It is the best comedy," said Johnson, "that has appeared since the Provoked Husband. There has not, of late, been any such character exhibited upon the stage as that of Croaker." It was with reason that Johnson was partial to Croaker, for Goldsmith acknowledged that he had borrowed the conception from the *Suspicious* of the "Rambler." Of the two other prominent personages Honeywood was a repetition of the many portraits from himself, and we cannot but suspect that he also found the germ of *Lofty* in his own addiction to unfounded boasting. The rest are agents to conduct the plot, and have little that is distinguishing. "To delineate character," he said in his preface, "had been his principal aim," and Mrs. Inchbald was of opinion that the design had been attended with conspicuous success. Croaker, Honeywood, and *Lofty* deserved, she said, the highest praise which could be bestowed upon the creations of the mind. "In fiction they are perfectly original, yet are seen every day in real life." To us, on the contrary, they seem to want nature; a large alloy of the peculiarities of each is common enough in the world, but they never exist in solitary extravagance. Honeywood, Croaker, and *Lofty* are rather the personifications of qualities than men. The first is all childish benevolence; the second, all groundless alarm; and the third, a mere mouthpiece for ostentatious lies. The same objection, however, may be urged against several of the master-pieces of Molière. "To exaggerate the features of folly, to render it more thoroughly ridiculous," was the just principle of comic satire laid down by Goldsmith in his "Essay on Learning." His mistake is to have carried the principle too far, till comedy descends to the lower level of farce. The humor is excellent of its kind. *Lofty* is entertaining, and the apprehensions of Croaker are ludicrous in the extreme. The misunderstandings, though not always probable, are well contrived for producing mirth; and the piece must have had a triumphant run, if the



insipid Honeywood had been replaced by a character of more sterling worth or more comic effect. As it is, he provokes less laughter than contempt, and is too complete an illustration of the proverb that "every man's friend is every man's fool," for the serious hero of a play.

Shuter selected the piece for his "benefit;" and the author, says Mr. Forster, "in a fit of extravagant good nature, sent him ten guineas for a box-ticket." In this instance we think that the gratuity of Goldsmith was the discharge of a debt; for, by saving his comedy from being damned, Shuter had brought him fifty times the sum. On the first night of the play, he told the actor that he had exceeded his own idea of the character, and that the fine comic richness of the coloring made it appear almost as new to him as to the audience. The bulk of the proceeds from the "Good-natured Man" was spent in purchasing, and furnishing with elegance, a set of chambers in Brick Court, in the Temple, for which he gave four hundred pounds. Having emptied out his pockets the instant they were filled, he had still his daily bread to earn, and for this he trusted to a "History of Rome," in two volumes, which he was compiling for Davies. It was commenced in 1767, and published in May, 1769. The price paid for the copyright was two hundred and fifty guineas. This was the work which Johnson, very erroneously, contended placed Goldsmith above Robertson as a writer of history. Goldsmith, he said, had put into his book as much as it would hold — had told briefly, plainly, and agreeably, all that the reader wanted to know; while Robertson was fanciful, cumbrous, and diffuse. "Goldsmith's Abridgment," he went on, "is better than that of Lucius Florus or Eutropius; and I will venture to say that, if you compare him with Vertot in the same places of the Roman History, you will find that he excels Vertot. Sir, he has the art of compiling, and of saying everything he has to say in a pleasing manner." Though there is broad truth in the commendation of Johnson, it conveys an exaggerated notion of the merit of the book, which is not only destitute of exact scholarship, but bears in the style innumerable marks of the careless haste with which it was composed.

The credit he derived from his English and Roman Histories, coupled with his general fame, procured him, in December 1769, the distinction of being nominated Professor of History in the newly created Royal Academy of Painting, at the same time that Johnson was appointed Professor of Ancient Literature. There was neither salary nor duties attached to the office; and Goldsmith, in a stray letter to his brother Maurice, in the January following, says: "I took it rather as a compli-

ment to the institution than any benefit to myself. Honors to one in my situation are something like ruffles to one that wants a shirt." A less vain and simple man would have reversed the phrase, and represented the appointment as a compliment from the institution to himself. To obtain the requisite shirt, he had entered into an engagement, in February, 1769, with a bookseller, Mr. Griffin, to compile a Natural History in eight volumes, at the rate of a hundred guineas a volume; and in June, encouraged by the success of his "Rome," he contracted with Davies to finish, in two years, a "History of England," in four volumes for five hundred pounds. He was to be paid for each volume of the Natural History as the manuscript was delivered; but he was to receive nothing on the "History of England" till the whole was complete. Before the year had run out, he persuaded Griffin to advance him five hundred guineas on a work he had barely begun; and, having anticipated and squandered his supplies from this source, he devoted nearly all his time to the compilation for Davies, which would bring a return. He had never been very sensitive in pecuniary matters, and his obtuseness increased with his difficulties. The breach of his engagements produced expostulations from the booksellers, which roused more ire than repentance. In one altercation of the kind with Davies, they agreed to refer the difference to Johnson; and Goldsmith "was enraged to find that one author should have so little feeling for another as to determine a dispute to his disadvantage in favor of a tradesman."

Mr. Robert Day, then a law-student at the Middle Temple, and afterwards an Irish judge, became acquainted with him in 1769, and often visited him in conjunction with another of his countrymen, the young and at that time unknown Henry Grattan. The habit of Goldsmith, according to this unexceptionable witness, was to lay aside his labors when his purse was replenished, and give himself up, while he had a sixpence left, to convivial enjoyments, and attendance at the theatres, Ranelagh, and Vauxhall. His funds dissipated, he recommenced his drudgery, and paid for his brief excesses by protracted toil. All are agreed, notwithstanding the Man in Black, Sir William Thornhill and Honeywood, that much of his money continued to be bestowed upon artful impostors, or upon persons whose circumstances were not so bad as his own. Once, as Mr. Forster relates, when he had recently performed a piece of literary task-work for the sake of two guineas, he made over seven and a half to a vagabond Frenchman as a subscription to a pretended History of England in fifteen volumes. Two or three poor authors and several widows and housekeepers were his constant pensioners. "He was so humane in



his disposition," says Mr. Cooke, "that his last guinea was the general boundary of his beneficence." Nay, he carried it further still; for, when he had no money to bestow upon his regular dependants, he would give them clothes, and sometimes his food. "Now, let me only suppose," he would say with a smile of satisfaction after sweeping the meal on his table into their laps, "that I have eaten a heartier breakfast than usual, and I am nothing out of pocket."

Observers remarked that his benevolence, real as it was, was stimulated by ostentation; and, from his imputing the motive to the characters which he drew from himself, he was evidently conscious of the weakness. The odd simplicity which pervaded his proceedings was especially conspicuous in relation to money. He borrowed a guinea when he was destitute himself, to lend it to Mr. Cooke; and endeavored, in his absence, to thrust it under his door. His friend, in thanking him, remarked that somebody else might have been first at the chambers, and picked it up. "In truth, my dear fellow," he replied, "I did not think of that." Another acquaintance remonstrated with him for leaving money in an unlocked drawer, from which an occasional servant took what he pleased for the casual expenses of his master. "What, my dear friend," exclaimed Goldsmith, "do you take Dennis for a thief?"

With all his recklessness of expenditure, no man had a store of cheaper tastes, or was more easily entertained. His favorite festivity, his holiday of holidays, was to have three or four intimate friends to breakfast with him at ten o'clock, to start at eleven for a walk through the fields to Highbury Barn, where they dined at an ordinary frequented by authors, Templars, and retired citizens, for 10d. a head; to return at six and drink tea at White Conduit House; and to end the evening with a supper at the Grecian or Temple Exchange Coffee-house. "The whole expense," says Mr. Cooke, "of the day's fête never exceeded a crown, and oftener from three and sixpence to four shillings, for which the party obtained good air, good living, and good conversation." He had got weary of the hopeless attempt to keep up his dignity, and was again willing to be happy in the secondary society where he was alone at his ease. Mr. Forster has tracked him, in particular, to a club of good fellows at the Globe Tavern, called the Wednesday Club from its day of meeting, and where a principal part of the pleasure was to sing songs after supper. The sort of company he met there, and the terms on which he stood with them, are amusingly exhibited in the fact, that a pig-butcher was one of the members, and, piquing himself on his familiarity with the celebrated Goldsmith, always said, in drinking to him, 'Come, Noll, here's my service to you, old boy.' Glover,

an Irish adventurer, and who had been, in succession, physician, actor, and author, maliciously whispered to Noll, after one of these salutations, that he wondered he permitted such liberties from a pig-butcher. 'Let him alone,' said Goldsmith, 'and you'll see how civilly I'll let him down.' With this design, he called out, at the first pause in the conversation, 'Mr. B., I have the honor of drinking your good health;' to which the pig-butcher answered, briskly, 'thankee, thankee, Noll. 'Well, where, now,' inquired Glover, 'is the advantage of your reproof?' and the baffled Noll had nothing to reply, except that 'he ought to have known before, that there was no putting a pig in the right way.' Trivial as are these anecdotes, they are worth repeating because they throw light upon the character of the man, and explain why he was 'the jest and riddle,' as well as the 'glory,' of his friends.

His enjoyment in all societies, where he could freely give way to his natural impulses was immense. 'He was always cheerful and animated,' says Mr. Day, 'often, indeed, boisterous in his mirth.' He went to a dance, at Macklin's, and was brought to such a pitch of ecstasy, by this 'frisking light in frolic measures,' that he threw up his wig to the ceiling, exclaiming, that men were never so much like men as when they looked like boys.' He prided himself on his dancing, which was not so graceful as it was hearty; and an Irish family of the name of Seguin, who were intimate with him at this period, were thrown into uncontrollable fits of laughter, by seeing him go through a minuet. He loved to romp with children, and join in their games. He would put the front of his wig behind, to excite their merriment, play forfeits and blind-man's buff, and show them tricks upon cards. The younger Colman remembered, that when he was five years old, he had given Oliver a smart slap upon the face, for taking him on his knee. The little vixen was locked up by his father, in a dark room, whither Goldsmith soon followed with a candle, and wheedled Master Colman back to good humor, by placing a shilling under each of three hats, and then conjuring them all under the same crown. It was a gambol with his dog, that suggested to him the pretty couplet in 'The Traveller':—

'By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,  
The sports of children satisfy the child.'

But from sports like these, he was summoned back to his desk, and, in addition to the bulky compilations he had undertaken, he was preparing 'The Deserted Village' for the press. Mr. Cooke calling upon him the day after it was commenced, Goldsmith read him a fragment of ten lines, adding, when he had

done, 'Come, let me tell you, this is no bad morning's work.' From the time he took to complete the poem, he could rarely have accomplished so much at a sitting. His habit was first to set down his ideas in prose, and when he had turned them carefully into rhyme, to continue retouching the lines with infinite pains to give point to the sentiment and polish to the verse. Mr. Forster dwells, with great force, upon the loss to literature, from the want of this care in the generality of authors. The bulky ore, he truly says, can seldom obtain currency, however rich the vein. Those who extract and collect the gold, no matter how thinly it may have been originally spread, will ever be the writers most prized by the world. It was owing to this care that 'The Deserted Village,' being published on the 26th of May, 1770, went through four editions before the end of June. His brother Henry died in 1768, and the honor which Goldsmith allotted him on the appearance of the 'Traveller,' he now conferred upon Sir Joshua Reynolds. 'The only dedication I ever made,' he gracefully says, 'was to my brother, because I loved him better than most men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you.' Sir Joshua Reynolds returned the compliment, by painting a picture of Resignation, in allusion to the line—

'While Resignation gently slopes the way,'

and inscribing the print, which was engraved from it, to Goldsmith. An anecdote was told, of his having returned a part of the hundred pounds which Griffin had paid him for the copyright, in consequence of his having discovered that it amounted to 'near five shillings a couplet, which was more than any bookseller could afford, or, indeed, more than any modern poetry was worth.' Mr. Forster rejects the tale, on the ground that it was a very improbable act in a man who, a little before, had taken five hundred guineas from the same publisher, on the faith of a book he had hardly begun. Mr. Cooke, however, a very trustworthy authority, and who was certainly in a situation to be privy to the transaction, says that the story was 'strictly true'—a phrase which implies both, that it had been called in question, and that he knew it to be a fact. Testimony so distinct, must weigh, we think, against speculative improbabilities, which amount to very little in the case of Goldsmith, who was a creature of impulse, and who, in money matters especially, would meanly borrow one minute what he generously gave the next. The rapid sale of the poem, it is added, removed his scruples, and he ultimately accepted payment in full. Even at this price, he was only remunerated in fame, for the lengthened labor he had bestowed upon the work, and he replied to Lord

Lisburne, who urged him, at an Academy dinner, to persevere in writing verse, 'I cannot afford to court the muses; they would let me starve; but by my other labors, I can make shift to eat and drink, and have good clothes.'

'What true and pretty pastoral images has Goldsmith, in his *Deserted Village*,' says Burke, in a letter, quoted by Mr. Forster. 'They beat all: Pope, and Phillips, and Spenser too, in my opinion—that is in the pastoral, for I go no farther.' In no other rural piece, is there so much poetry and reality combined. The pictures of Auburn—its pastor, its schoolmaster, and all its other accessories—are as exact as anything in Crabbe, but they are painted under their best and softest aspect; and while 'The Parish Register' pains and depresses, Goldsmith throws a hue of enchantment, in the 'Deserted Village,' over all he describes. The very titles of the poems are characteristic of their contents, and seem, one to promise the prose, the other the poetry of life. 'The Deserted Village' has the advantage over the 'Traveller,' of treating upon topics which lie closer to our doors, and touch our sympathies more nearly. The verse is a continuous succession of felicities, without a single forced conceit. The vividness of the descriptive passages, the skill with which the details are selected, the magical language in which they are expressed, the pensive sweetness which pervades the piece, unite to make it one of the most perfect little poems in the world.

In the midst of the blaze of reputation which attended the publication of 'The Deserted Village,' Goldsmith started, in July, for France, attended by Mrs. Horneck and her two pretty daughters—a Devonshire family, whose acquaintance he had made in the house of Reynolds. To travel had once been his supreme delight. The love for every place, except that in which he resided, is mentioned by himself, as a Goldsmith characteristic. 'But travelling at twenty and at forty are,' he said, 'very different things. I set out with almy confirmed habits about me, and can find nothing, on the continent, so good as when I left it.' Not meeting the pleasure he anticipated, and his literary undertakings weighing upon his mind, he was glad to get back to his old quarters, after an absence of two months. He was no sooner home, than he added to his already oppressive engagements, by agreeing, for a payment of fifty guineas, to abridge his *Roman History*. A slight sketch of Parnell, which contained two or three graceful paragraphs, was published in the summer, with some success; and a 'Life of Bolingbroke,' to be prefixed to his 'Dissertation on Parties,' which it was calculated might obtain a fresh lease of popularity in the political heats of that fiery time,

was now to be provided without delay. It was the first completed of his pending projects, and is one of the flimsiest tracts which ever proceeded from his pen—flat and feeble in style, as well as destitute of thought and knowledge. In August, 1771, came forth the ‘History of England,’ in four volumes, which has all the characteristics of his former compilations of the same kind. He avowedly took his information at secondhand, and only engaged to furnish what he more than accomplished, ‘a plain, unaffected narrative of facts, with just ornament enough to keep attention awake, and with reflection barely sufficient to set the reader upon thinking.’ He was accused, by men who were themselves overflowing with party-spirit, of being the tool of the ministry, and of making history subservient to political passions. ‘I have been a good deal abused,’ he remarked, writing to Langton, ‘for betraying the liberties of the people. God knows I had no thought for or against liberty in my head; my whole aim being to make up a book of decent size, that, as Squire Richard says, would do harm to nobody.—However, they set me down as an arrant Tory, and, consequently, an honest man. When you come to look at any part of it, you’ll say, that I am a sour Whig.’ Goldsmith’s political creed was of so extreme a kind, that he was even opposed to the Hanoverian succession, and affirmed, that it never would be well with our constitution, until another ‘happy revolution’ should rectify the injury done by the settlement of 1688. He had once gone with Johnson, to visit Westminster Abbey, and, while they were surveying Poet’s corner, his friend exclaimed—

‘Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscabitur istis.

When they reached Temple Bar, Goldsmith pointed to the bony remains of the rebels’ heads, and slyly whispered, in allusion to their natural Jacobite predilections—

‘Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscabitur ISTIS.’

But notwithstanding his indulgence in these obsolete theories, his practical interest in passing politics, during the hottest ebullitions of factious rage, appears to have been extremely slight, and there were few subjects, we imagine, upon which he read, thought, or understood less. A year or two before, Dr. Scott, the chaplain of Lord Sandwich, endeavored to engage him to devote his pen to the support of the administration, and informed him that he was empowered to pay liberally for his services; but poor as Goldsmith was, he was not to be tempted by the offer. ‘I can earn,’ he said, ‘as much as will supply my wants without writing for any party; the assistance you offer is therefore unnecessary to me.’

The fame of ‘The Traveller’ brought Goldsmith into contact with his countryman, Mr. Nugent, who had now become Lord Clare. He was much with him at the close of 1770, at his seat of Gosfield Park, and in the spring of 1771, accompanied him to Bath. Oliver is said, by Mr. Cooke, to have been liable to fits of absence, and an instance occurred, during the present visit, when he strayed into the house of the Duke of Northumberland, who lived next door to Clare, and threw himself down on the sofa, just as the Duke and Duchess, who were acquainted with him, were sitting down to breakfast. Conjecturing that he had made a mistake, they endeavored to put him at his ease and inquired the news of the day; but it was not until they invited him to join them at the table, that he awoke from his reverie, and explained, with many apologies and much confusion, that he was unconscious of the intrusion. After seeing, on his return to London, his ‘History of England’ through the press, he hired a room in a farm-house, on the Edgeware Road, and commenced ‘She Stoops to conquer.’ ‘I have been trying these three months,’ he wrote to Bennet Langton, September 7th, 1771, ‘to do something to make people laugh. There have I been strolling about the hedges, studying jests, with a most tragical countenance. The comedy is now finished, but when or how it will be acted, or whether it will be acted at all, are questions I cannot resolve.’ He met with more difficulties in his attempt to get it brought upon the stage, than he probably anticipated, when these words were penned. He told his friends that, notwithstanding the partiality of the public, for graver pieces, he would persevere in his former course, and, at the risk of being thought low, ‘would hunt after nature and humor, in whatever walks of life they were most conspicuous.’ The cold reception of the ‘Good-natured Man,’ had, nevertheless, abated much of his confidence in the result, and he was easily discouraged. A friend, to whom he told the plot in a chop-house, shook his head, and expressed a fear that the audience would think it too broad and farcical for comedy. Goldsmith looked serious, and, taking him by the hand, after a pause, said, in piteous tones, ‘I am much obliged to you, my dear friend, for the candor of your opinion, but it is all I can do; for, alas! I find that my genius, if ever I had any, has of late totally deserted me.’ The manager of Covent Garden Theatre shook his head, like his friend. He kept the author long without an answer, started objections to the conduct of the piece, and, on a pressing appeal from Goldsmith, in January, 1773, to be relieved from suspense, coupled with an entreaty that the comedy might, at least, be allowed a hearing, in consideration of the larger sum

of money he had shortly to make up, he replied by sending back the manuscript, with several unwelcome criticisms endorsed upon the pages. Though he added an assurance that the play should be acted, Oliver was irritated, and applied to Garrick. He had no sooner taken the step, than he revoked the request, at the advice of Dr. Johnson, who went to Colman, and in his own words, 'prevailed on him at last, by much solicitation, nay, a kind of force, to bring it on.' The manager still believed, that it 'would never reach a second representation, and refused to expend a shilling in decoration. Several of the performers mutinied and threw up their parts. Other petty vexations followed, and, with the exception of a favorable opinion from Dr. Johnson, and one two more, everything conspired to frown upon the venture. There was some difficulty in finding a suitable title for the piece, and on Davies repeating, that the great oracle had said, 'We are all in labor for a name to *Goldy's* play,' Oliver, in one of those capricious fits of assumption, which oddly intermingled with undignified familiarity, exclaimed, 'I have often desired him not to call me *Goldy*.'

On the evening of the first performance, (March 15th, 1773,) a few of the principal literary friends of the author assembled at dinner; but Goldsmith was too agitated to swallow a mouthful, and too nervous to accompany the party to the theatre. He was found sauntering in St. James's Park, by an acquaintance, who told him his presence might be necessary to make some alteration demanded by the temper of the audience, which induced him to go. Entering the stage-door, as a faint hiss broke out at the improbability of Mrs. Harcastle believing herself to be forty miles from home, when she was within a few yards of her own house, he exclaimed, with alarm, 'What's that?' 'Pshaw, Dr.,' said Colman, who was standing behind the scenes, 'don't be fearful of squibs, when we have been sitting, almost these two hours, upon a barrel of gunpowder.' Goldsmith never forgave the speech. In reality the piece had not been in jeopardy for an instant, and from beginning to end, all was mirth and applause. Johnson, who presided over the dinner, was present to justify his favorable verdict, and, as often as he broke forth into a roar of laughter, the rest of the house followed the lead, and laughed in chorus. 'I know of no comedy,' he said, 'for many years, that has so much exhilarated an audience—that has answered so much the great end of comedy, making an audience merry.' 'The play,' Goldsmith wrote himself to Mr. Cradock, 'has met with a success much beyond your expectations or mine. I cannot help saying, that I am very sick of the stage, and, though I be-

lieve I shall get three tolerable benefits, yet I shall, on the whole, be a loser, even in a pecuniary light; my ease and comfort I certainly lost while it was in agitation.' The comedy was repeated all the available nights, which amounted only to twelve, up to the end of the season, and if what Mr. Cooke says be true, that Goldsmith cleared eight hundred pounds, he could not have been the loser he anticipated, through the time subtracted from his ordinary task-work. In the next season, 'She Stoops to Conquer,' continued a favorite, and Goldsmith grew in love with dramatic writing and the stage. Mr. Cooke believes that, had he lived, he would have increasingly devoted himself to this department of literature. The general approbation of the comedy was accompanied by a general abuse of Colman, for his jealousy or want of judgment, and he was at last humbled to the point of asking Goldsmith to make some statement which should 'take him off the rack of the newspapers.'

No better description can be given of "She Stoops to Conquer" than that which was written by Johnson to Boswell, after reading it in manuscript. "The chief diversion arises from a stratagem by which a lover is made to mistake his future father-in-law's house for an inn. This, you see, borders upon farce. The dialogue is quick and gay, and the incidents are so prepared as not to seem improbable." With a general resemblance of manner to his former comedy, there is this prominent distinction, that in the "Good-natured Man" he has concentrated his strength upon the humor which grows out of character, and in "She Stoops to Conquer" upon the mirth which is provoked by misadventures. Even Marlow, forward with his inferiors, and bashful with his equals, seems a commonplace conception. The interest and comicality of the piece are in the succession of deceptions and misunderstandings, and the lively dialogue which accompanies them. As he indulged before in extravagance of character, so he did now in extravagance of incident, and nothing except his admirable management of his materials kept his piece within the limits of comedy. Horace Walpole pronounced it the "lowest of all possible farces." He might at least have said the highest, nor does it much matter by what name it is called, when it is allowed by everybody to be one of the most ingenious, original, and laughable plays in the language. The "Good-natured man is tame by comparison.

Every stage of Goldsmith's existence was coupled with some disaster or jest, and a few days after the appearance of "She Stoops to Conquer" he brought himself into a new description of trouble. A letter appeared in the "London Packet" abusing his comedy, and asserting that he had a hopeless admiration of

Miss Horneck. He had the folly to call upon Evans, the publisher of the paper, and strike him with a cane at the moment when he was disclaiming his knowledge of the libel, and promised to speak to the editor. Evans returned the blow, a scuffle ensued, Goldsmith's hand was much bruised in the fray, a lamp above his head was broken to pieces and covered him with oil, and, to complete his humiliation, there issued at this instant from a back room his old detractor Dr. Kenrick, the author of the attack, who led him away to a hackney coach. He was prosecuted by Evans for the assault, and compromised the action by paying fifty pounds to a Welsh charity. His friends laughed, the journals railed at him, and he wrote a letter in his defence, called by Johnson "a foolish thing well done," in which, avoiding all details of the transaction, he confined himself to half-a-dozen well turned sentences upon the licentiousness of the press. It was this time a comedy in which "he had stooped to be conquered."

Neither the eight hundred pounds, nor his other earnings, sufficed to satisfy his past debts and present extravagance. "When he exchanged his simple habits," says Mr. Cooke, "for those of the great, he contracted their follies without their fortunes or qualifications. Hence, when he ate or drank with them he was habituated to extravagances which he could not afford; when he squandered his time with them he squandered part of his income; and when he lost his money at play with them he had not their talents to recover it at another opportunity." He had all his life been fond of cards, played ill, and, when the run of luck was against him, would fling his hand upon the floor, and exclaim with mock concern, "Bye—fore George, I ought for ever to renounce thee, fickle, faithless Fortune!" But in his latter years he played for deeper stakes. He contracted what Cooke calls "a passion for gaming," which is one of the ingredients in the motley character that was drawn of him by Garrick, and Mr. Craddock, who was on familiar terms with him at this period, specifies it as his greatest fault, that if he had thirty pounds in his pocket he would lose it all by an attempt to double it. An abstemious man himself, he was ostentatious in his entertainments, and in the last year of his life Johnson and Reynolds rebuked his profusion by refusing to partake of a second course of a too sumptuous dinner. He often repented his folly, but as often renewed it. Reynolds found him one morning kicking a bundle round his room. The poet said in explanation, that it was a masquerade suit, and, being too poor to have anything useless about him, he was taking out the value in exercise, or "in other words he was venting his vexation for his thoughtless conduct upon the

dress. His accumulating debts made him melancholy and wayward. He would frequently quit abruptly the social circle and creep to his own cheerless chamber to brood over his embarrassments. His happiest periods, as he acknowledged, were when, driven by sheer necessity from the round of dissipation, he retired into the country to labor with unremitting toil upon his projects.

In the intervals between his other engagements Goldsmith had for some time been continuing in his farm-house retreat the 'History of Animated Nature.' 'It is about half finished,' he said to Langton in the letter of September 1771, 'and I will shortly finish the rest. God knows, I am tired of this kind of finishing, which is but bungling work.' Boswell, in company with Mickle, the translator of the *Lusiad*, went to see him at his country lodging in April 1772. He was not at home, but they entered his apartment and found curious scraps of descriptions of animals scrawled upon the wall with a black-lead pencil. Bufon was his principal store-house for facts, and much of the work is an avowed translation from the eloquent Frenchman. 'Goldsmith, Sir,' said Johnson, 'will give us a very fine book on the subject, but, if he can distinguish a cow from a horse, that I believe may be the extent of his knowledge of Natural History.' To observe for himself, and to recapitulate the observations of others, were such distinct operations, that, in spite of his want of a practical acquaintance with the science, he might easily be equal to a view of the popular parts of the study. He was a little credulous of marvels, and if his guides had gone astray he of necessity copied their errors, but the volumes teem with delightful information, and of the literary merits of the narrative it is enough to say that it was written by Goldsmith.

The purchase-money of the 'History of Animated Nature' was spent before it was earned. The work was not finished till Goldsmith was within a foot of the grave, nor published till after his death, and throughout the interval which elapsed from its commencement to its conclusion it continued to be one of his worst embarrassments. He had still to provide for the wants of the passing hour, and numerous were the schemes he attempted or proposed. He was in arrear to the younger Newberry, to whom he made over the copyright of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' in partial satisfaction of a debt which he had previously promised to discharge by another such tale as the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' The specimen which he furnished proved to be a narrative version of the 'Good-natured Man,' and was declined by the publisher. He undertook, as a companion to his 'History of Rome,' to compile for two hundred and fifty pounds a 'History of Greece,' which was unfinished when



he died. But his favorite project was a 'Popular Dictionary of Arts and Sciences,' to which Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds had promised to contribute, and the loss of the disquisitions of these famous men renders the abandonment of the work a subject for great regret, though in the aggregate it would probably have been a very imperfect performance. Goldsmith wrote the Introduction to the Dictionary, which was read in the manuscript by Mr. Cradock, who thought it excellent, and which may possibly be the same with the Prospectus he printed and circulated among his friends, but which has hitherto escaped the researches of his editors. Davies tells us that his expectations from any new scheme were generally sanguine, but for this he prognosticated an unusual success, and never recovered the disappointment of its rejection by the booksellers, who had little confidence in the prosperity of 'an undertaking, the fate of which was to depend upon a man with whose indolence of temper and habits of procrastination they had long been acquainted.' In some emergency in 1773 he borrowed forty pounds of Garrick, and not long afterwards he sent him a note, which bears manifest marks of having been written in agitation and distress, in which he requests him to make the debt an hundred. To propitiate his creditor he offered to remodel the 'Good-natured Man' in accordance with the original proposal of the manager when they quarrelled upon the subject. 'I will give you a new character,' Goldsmith said, 'and knock out Lofty, which does not do, and will make such other alterations as you suggest.' Garrick promised the money, but gave no encouragement to the scheme for recasting the play. The thanks of Goldsmith were warm, and to show his gratitude he added, 'I shall have a comedy for you in a season or two, at farthest, that I believe will be worth your acceptance, for I fancy I will make it a fine thing.' Both these notes are endorsed by Garrick 'Goldsmith's palaver;' and it is likely enough that his distresses enticed him into promises and professions which, though meant at the moment, were quickly forgotten.

In the midst of these shifts and sorrows a trivial incident occurred which produced one of the happiest effusions of Goldsmith's pen, and afforded a fresh proof of the versatility of his talents. He insisted one evening at the Literary Club on competing with Garrick in epigram, and each agreed to write the other's epitaph. The actor exclaimed on the instant that his was ready, and he produced extempore the couplet which is as widely known as the name of Goldsmith himself:—

'Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness call'd  
Noll,

Who wrote like an angel, but talk'd like poor Poll.'

Abashed at the laugh which ensued, 'poor Poll' was unable to produce a retort. The company pursued the idea which had been started, and either then or afterwards several of them wrote epitaphs upon their standing butt in a similar vein. Goldsmith in the interim was not idle. He was carefully preparing his 'Retaliation' in silence; and when he had advanced as far as the character of Reynolds he showed it to Burke. He wished it to be a secret till it was finished; but having allowed copies to be taken, its existence became known to those who were the subjects of it, and he was obliged to read it at the Literary Club in its imperfect state. Garrick mentions that the skirmish on the part of all concerned was conceived and executed in perfect good temper; but we learn from Mr. Cooke that Goldsmith intended that the sting should be felt. From the time that his talent for satire was discovered he was treated with greater respect, and the oddities which had hitherto been a theme for endless jest were spoken of as not entirely destitute of humor. Oliver marked the change, felt his power, and told a friend that he kept the poem 'as a rod in pickle upon any future occasion.' The premature disclosure of his verses took away the stimulus which he derived from anticipating the effect they would produce upon his bantering friends, and seems to have prevented his proceeding any further in a composition which certainly cost him much thought and pains. As far as we can recollect, nothing of the kind had ever been struck out before. His little rhyming piece of pleasantry, 'The Haunch of Venison,' which he sent to Lord Clare about 1771, is in the same easy strain of verse; but the peculiarity of 'Retaliation' is in the happy mixture of gaiety and satire; in the air of smiling good humor with which he has told the most poignant truths; and the dexterity with which he has blended praise and blame. The characters are drawn with uncommon terseness and force, and with such felicity of language that many of the lines have become proverbial.

A few weeks after this game of epitaphs had been played out, poor Goldsmith was in his grave. He was subject to strangury, produced or aggravated by fits of sedentary toil; and an attack of the disorder in March, 1774, passed into a nervous fever. On the 25th of the month he sent for an apothecary, and in defiance of his remonstrance persisted in taking James's powder. Yet, much as the medicine reduced his powers, the worst symptoms of the disorder abated, and it was apparent that the sleeplessness which remained was induced by some other cause. "Your pulse," said Doctor

Turton, "is in much greater disorder than it should be from the degree of fever which you have. Is your mind at ease?" "No," said Goldsmith, "it is not." He was paying, in fact, with his life the penalty of his improvidence. He expired, after an illness of ten days, on the 4th of April, 1774; and on the 9th, his remains, followed by a few coffeehouse acquaintances, hastily gathered together, were laid in the burial-ground of the Temple. "He died," wrote Johnson, "of a fever, exasperated, as I believe, by the fear of distress. He had raised money and squandered it by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense. Sir Joshua is of opinion that he owed not less than two thousand pounds. Was ever poet so trusted before? But let not his faults be remembered. He was a very great man." It was suggested that he should be buried in Westminster Abbey, with a pomp commensurate with his fame; and Judge Day conjectured that the proposal was abandoned in consequence of his debts; but Mr. Cooke expressly states that the reason why the scheme was given up was because the greater part of the eminent persons who were invited to hold the pall, and whose presence could alone have conferred importance on the proceeding, pleaded inability to attend. Yet two at least of the number had a real and deep regard for the man. Burke, when he heard of his death, burst into tears; and Reynolds, who had never been known to suspend the exercise of his calling for any distress, laid down his brush, and painted no more that day.

Goldsmith was short and thick in stature, his face round and strongly pitted with the small pox, his forehead low, and his complexion pale. The general cast of his countenance, according to Boswell, was coarse and vulgar; and Miss Reynolds states that he had the appearance of a low mechanic. He was once relating, with great indignation, that a gentleman in a coffeehouse had mistaken him for a tailor; and his resemblance to the brethren of the needle was notoriously so strong that an irresistible titter went round the circle. One morning when Mr. Percival Stockdale was remarking to Davies the bookseller on this similarity of appearance, Goldsmith entered, and, with that curious infelicity which seemed always to attend upon him, said to Mr. Stockdale, who had recently published a translation of Tasso's *Aminta*, "I shall soon take measure of you." His picture by Sir Joshua presents the face of a man unusually plain, yet Miss Reynolds mentions it as the crowning feat of her brother in portrait-painting that he had imparted dignity of expression without destroying the likeness. What that lady thought of him appears from her naming him for her toast when she was asked to give the ugliest person she knew; and Mrs. Chol-

mondeley, with whom she had some little difference at the time, was so delighted with the selection that she shook hands with her across the table. "Thus the ancients," said Johnson, "in the making up of their quarrels, used to sacrifice a beast between them."

His address, until he warmed into the good-humor which was natural to him, strengthened the unfavorable impression produced by his appearance. "His deportment," says Boswell, "was that of a scholar awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman." "His manner," says Davies, "was uncouth, his language unpolished, and his elocution was continually interrupted by disagreeable hesitation." "He expressed himself," says his friend Mr. Cooke, "upon common subjects with a plainness bordering upon rusticity, and often in words very ill chosen." Some attempts have been made in recent years to prove that his talk was not unworthy of his fame; but the witnesses to the contrary are so numerous, and there is such a general agreement in their testimony, that it is idle to controvert it. Mr. Rogers asked Mr. Cooke what he really was in conversation, and Cooke replied, emphatically, "He was a fool. The right word never came to him. If you gave him back a shilling, he'd say, 'Why, it's as good a shilling as ever was born.' He was a fool, sir." Mr. Forster observes in extenuation, that "born" is an Irish mode of speech; but though the particular instance may not support the proposition, it was not from a single example, but from an intimate acquaintance of seven years, that Cooke derived his impression. Dr. Beattie said that the silliness he exhibited was so great that it almost seemed affected; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, who had a peculiar regard for him, adopted the same improbable theory. Chalmier, after talking with him, came away, saying, "Well, I do believe he wrote the *Traveler* himself; and let me tell you that is believing a great deal." Against Horace Walpole's smart saying, that he was an "inspired idiot," Mrs. Piozzi wrote in her old age, "very true;"\* and the point, we may add, of Garrick's epigram would have had no sort of force unless it had possessed a semblance of truth. It is easy to collect from the book of Boswell, who acknowledges that his folly had been greatly exaggerated, the real state of the case. Johnson, who did the amplest justice to his genius, remarked that he had no settled notions upon any subject; that his ready knowledge was very slight; that he was eager to shine; and discoursed at random upon ques-

\* Malone, on the other hand, says that he never could assent to Walpole's pointed sentence. "I always," he adds, "made battle against Boswell's representation of him, and often expressed to him my opinion that he rated Goldsmith much too low."

tions of which he was almost entirely ignorant. "If he were with two founders," said the Doctor, "he would fall a-talking on the method of making cannon, though both of them would soon see that he did not know what metal a cannon was made of." To this want of fixed opinions and extensive information was added what Boswell calls "a hurry of ideas, producing a laughable confusion in the expressing them;" and what Mr. Cooke terms "a strange, uncouth, deranged manner" of speaking. With his slender store of facts, his inability to arrange his thoughts on a sudden, his hasty rashness of assertion, his incoherent, provincial style of expression, it is manifest that he would do very slender justice to the better genius which he poured at leisure into his books. But a man of his talents must, in spite of the deficiency of tact and quickness, have often been visited with bright ideas; and Boswell relates that he was sometimes very happy in his wit-combats with Johnson, and records the instances of it. From the specimens which have been preserved of his absurdities it appears that they often consisted in the ludicrous misapplication of a single phrase. The story of his remarking to Lord Shelburne, "I never could conceive the reason why they call you Malagrida; for Malagrida was a very good sort of man," was, as Johnson justly remarked, little more than an error of emphasis. Horace Walpole, whose authority, however, is worth nothing on the question, exclaimed that the blunder was a picture of his whole life. Beauclerk called it, ironically, "a happy turn of expression, peculiar to himself;" and the daughter of his friend Lord Clare, who always spoke of him with the utmost affection, used to say "that is so like him." His delight at the pun which was made on the dish of yellow-looking peas at Sir Joshua's table, when one of the company observed that they ought to be sent to Hammer-smith, for that was the way to Turn 'em Green; his taking the earliest opportunity to repeat the jest as his own, his first exclaiming that that was the way to *make* 'em green, and next, when he found his witticism fall point-less, that that was the *road* to turn 'em green; his starting up, disconcerted at the second failure, and quitting the dinner-table abruptly, all reads like a humorous invention to caricature his failings. In confirmation of his disposition to retire when he was mortified, Hawkins states that he would leave a tavern if his jokes were not rewarded by a roar. Once in particular, having promised the company, if they would call for another bottle, that they should hear one of his *bon mots*, he proceeded to tell, that, on hearing that Sheridan practised stage-gestures in a room with ten mirrors, he replied "that then there were ten ugly fellows

together." His anecdote was received in silence; and after inquiring, to no purposes "Why nobody laughed?" he departed in anger. "Rochester," says Mr. Forster, "observed of Shadwell, that if he had burnt all he wrote, and printed all he spoke, he would have had more wit and humor than any other poet; and measuring Goldsmith by Shadwell, we may rest perfectly satisfied with the relative accomplishments and deficiencies of each."

Boswell asserts that he studiously copied Johnson's manner, on a smaller scale; and both Hawkins and Joseph Warton relate that he affected to use the great lexicographer's hard words in conversation. The consequent impression he left upon Warton was, that "he was of all solemn coxcombs the first; yet," he adds, "sensible." To be solemn was not natural to him; and it is evident that he often forgot to act his part, or deliberately laid it aside. This mimicry of Johnson, which reduced him to a comical miniature of the original, no doubt occasioned, as it renders more piquant, the insolence of Graham, who wrote the "Masque of Telemachus." When he had arrived at a point of conviviality to talk to one man and look at another, he said, "Doctor, I shall be happy to see you at Eton," where he was one of the masters. "I shall be glad to wait on you," said Goldsmith. "No," replied Graham, "'tis not you I mean, Dr. Minor; 'tis Dr. Major, there." "Graham," said Oliver, describing him afterwards, "is a fellow to make one commit suicide." Another circumstance which he used to mention with strong indignation was the conduct of Moser, the Swiss, at an Academy dinner, who cut short his conversation with a "Stay, stay, Doctor Shonson is going to say something." On such occasions, Johnson tells us, he was as irascible as a hornet; was angry when he was detected in an absurdity; and miserably vexed when he was defeated in an argument. Of the little ebullitions of temper which arose from mortified vanity, Boswell has preserved a single instance. He was about to interpose an observation in a discussion which was going on, and his sentence was drowned by the loud voice of Johnson, who had not heard him speak. Dr. Minor, who was standing restless, in consequence of being excluded from the conversation hesitating whether to go or to stay, threw down his hat in a passion, and, looking angrily at Dr. Major, ejaculated, "Take it!" Toplady beginning to say something, and Johnson making a sound, Goldsmith called out, "Sir, the gentleman has heard you patiently for an hour; pray allow us now to hear him." "Sir," rejoined Johnson, "I was not interrupting the gentleman. I was only giving him a signal of my attention. Sir, you are impertinet." When they met in the evening at the club, Johnson asked his par-

don, and Goldsmith, who was placable as he was hasty, placidly replied, "it must be much, Sir, that I take ill from you."

Of his vanity he gave many ludicrous examples. "He would never," said Garrick, "allow a superior in any art, from writing poetry down to dancing a hornpipe." "How well this postboy drives," said Johnson to Boswell. "Now, if Goldy were here, he'd say he could drive better." "If you were to meet him," said a journalist of the day, who was satirizing his well-known infirmity, "and boast of your shoes being well blacked, the Doctor would look down at his own and reply, 'I think mine are still better done.'" In trying to show at Versailles how well he could jump over a piece of water, he tumbled into the midst of it; at the exhibition of puppets he warmly exclaimed, on their dexterously tossing a pike, "Pshaw! I can do it better myself;" and he broke his shins the same evening, at the house of Mr. Burke, in the attempt to prove that he could surpass them in leaping over a stick. When some of the club were loud in their praise of a speech of Mr. Burke, Goldsmith maintained that oratory was a knack, and that he would undertake to do as well himself. Being dared to the trial, he mounted a chair and was unable to advance beyond one or two sentences. He was compelled to desist, but reiterated his assertion, and imputed his failure to his being "out of luck" at the moment. He possessed so little of the boasted knack, that when he attempted a speech at the Society of Arts he was obliged to sit down in confusion.

His vanity was coupled with a babbling envy that was laughable, but not malignant. "Though the type," says Cooke, "of his Good-natured Man in every other respect, yet, in point of authorship, and particularly in poetry, he could bear no rival near his throne. This was so deeply rooted in his nature that nothing could cure it. Poverty had no terrors for him; but the applauses paid another poet made him poor indeed." He could not bear, Dr. Beattie said, that so much admiration should be bestowed upon Shakespeare; and though he had a true and hearty regard for Johnson, he exclaimed in a kind of agony, on hearing him vehemently applauded, "No more, I desire you; you harrow up my soul."

'Genius is jealous: I have heard of some Who, if unnoticed, grew perversely dumb; Nay, different talents would their envy raise: Poets have sickened at a dancer's praise; And one, the happiest writer of his time, Grew pale at hearing Reynolds was sublime; That Rutland's Duchess wore a heavenly smile, 'And I,' said he, 'neglected all the while!'

Mr. Forster expresses his regret that Crabbe should have invented an illustration of Gold-

smith's vanity opposed to all the known records of his intercourse with Reynolds; but the author of the "Tales," who had lived with many of Oliver's associates, plainly meant to give real instances; and, as we see from the case of Johnson, love for the man did not exclude jealousy of the panegyrics bestowed upon the genius. The work of Crabbe in which the lines occur was dedicated to the Duchess of Rutland, and the second example was doubtless derived from herself or her family. Another ludicrous manifestation of his jealousy occurred at an Academy-dinner: when one of the company was uttering some witticisms which excited mirth, Goldsmith begged those who sat near him not to laugh, "for in truth he thought it would make the man vain." He openly confessed that he was of an envious disposition; and Boswell maintained that he had no more of it than other people, but only talked of it more freely. All are agreed that it never embittered his heart; that it entirely spent itself in occasional outbreaks; and that he was utterly incapable of a steady rancor, or of doing an action which could hurt any man living. He once proposed to muster a party to damn Home's play, "The Fatal Discovery," alleging for his reason, that "such fellows ought not to be encouraged;" but this, says Davies, was "a transient thought, which, upon the least check, he would have immediately renounced, and as heartily joined to support the piece he had before devoted to destruction." Such were the foibles which shaded the higher qualities of this whimsical being, and which must find the reader belief that most of those who record his eccentricities appear to have felt kindly towards him, and could certainly not have conspired to fasten upon him a fictitious character which was so little in keeping with his genius.

Washington Irving expresses his belief that, far from being displeased that his weaknesses should be remembered, he would be gratified to hear the reader shut the volume which contained his history with the ejaculation — POOR GOLDSMITH! In our opinion nothing would be more distasteful to him. He had higher aspirations, a more heroic ambition. But what would have delighted him would have been to hear Johnson pronounce, in oracular tones, that "he deserved a place in Westminster Abbey, and every year he lived would have deserved it better;" to read, in the epitaph which his great friend prepared for his monument, that "he was of a genius sublime, lively, and versatile, that there was no species of writing that he had left untried, and that he treated nothing which he did not adorn;" to find posterity confirming the sentence and ranking him as the worthy peer of the illustrious men whose fame he emulated, and whom he needlessly envied; to see that his works



were among the most popular of British classics, that everything connected with him possessed an undying interest for mankind, that all the minutest incidents of his career had engaged the anxious researches of numerous biographers, and that the list was closed by the elaborate volumes of Mr. Forster. "Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of genius, for he was your kinsman; weed his grave clean, ye men of goodness, for he was your brother."

In adding one more to the many sketches of Goldsmith's life, we have not done justice to the very able and interesting Biography from which we have drawn our materials. His history is there illustrated with a fulness which may even be thought excessive; for the era in which his lot was cast, and the eminent men with whom he associated in his later years, are largely described in conjunction with himself. In intrinsic interest these episodes are inferior to no other portion of the book; and the very notes are a storehouse of wit and wisdom culled from the writings and sayings of the contemporaries of Goldsmith. The central figure of the piece is drawn with equal ability and truth, and with no more extenuation of his infirmities than is due to the frailties of a common humanity. But Mr. Forster had a wider object than the mere exhibition of the life and adventures of an individual. He wished, through the example of Goldsmith, to plead the cause of literature with the world; and we are anxious to give currency to the concluding pages, in which he sums up the scope and moral of his admirable work:—

This book has been written to little purpose, if the intention can be attributed to it of claiming for the literary man either more money than is proportioned to the work he does by the appreciation it commands, or immunity from those conditions of prudence, industry, and a knowledge of the multiplication table, which are inseparable from success in all other walks of life. But, with a design far other than that, one object of it has been to show that the very character of the writer's calling, by the thoughts which he creates, by the emotions he is able to inspire, by the happiness he may extend to distant generations, so far places him on a different level from the tradesman, merchant, lawyer, or physician, who has his wares and merchandise or advice to sell, that, whereas in the latter case the service is as indefinite as the reward due to it, in the former a balance must be always left, which only time can adjust fairly. In the vast majority of cases, too, even the attempt at adjustment is not made until the tuneful tongue is silent, and the ear deaf to praise; nor, much as the extension of the public of readers has done to diminish the probabilities of a writer's suffering, are the chances of his lot bettered even yet, in regard to that fair and full reward. Another object of this book has therefore been to point out that literature ought long ago to have received from the state an amount of recognition which would at

least have placed its highest cultivators on a level with other and not worthier recipients of its gratitude. \* \* \* The best offices of service to a state are those in which thinkers are required, and, more than many of its lawyers, more than all its soldiers, it is in such offices that the higher class of men of letters and science are competent to assist. Yet, if any one would measure the weight of contempt and neglect that now presses down such service, let him compare the deeds for which an English parliament ordinarily bestows its thanks, its peerages and its pensions, with the highest grade of honor or reward that it has ever vouchsafed to the loftiest genius, the highest distinction in literature, the greatest moral or mechanical achievement, by which not simply England has been benefited and exalted, but the whole human race. \* \* Partly because of the sordid ills that attended authorship in such days as have been described in these volumes, partly from the fact that it is a calling daily entered by men whom neither natural gifts nor laborious acquirements entitle to success in it, the belief is still very common that to be an author is to be a kind of vagrant, picking up subsistence as he can, a loaf to-day, a crumb to-morrow, and that to such a man no special signification of respect in social life can possibly be paid. Nor, in marking thus the low account and general disesteem of their calling, are the literary classes themselves to be exempted from blame. "It were well," said Goldsmith, on one occasion, with bitter truth, "if none but the dunces of society were combined to render the profession of an author ridiculous or unhappy." The profession themselves have yet to learn the secret of co-operation; they have to put away internal jealousies; they have to claim for themselves, as poor Goldsmith after his fashion very loudly did, that defined position from which greater respect, and more frequent consideration in public life, could not long be withheld; in fine they have frankly to feel that their vocation, properly regarded, ranks with the worthiest, and that on all occasions to do justice to it, and to each other, is the way to obtain justice from the world. If writers had been thus true to themselves, the subject of copyright might have been equitably settled when attention was first drawn to it; but, while De Foe was urging the author's claim, Swift was calling De Foe a fellow who had been pilloried, and we have still to discuss as in *forma pauperis* the rights of the English author. Confiscation is a hard word, but it is the word which alone describes fairly the statute of Anne, for the encouragement of literature. That is now superseded by another statute, having the same gorgeous name, and the same inglorious meaning; for even this last enactment, sorely resisted as it was, leaves England behind every other country in the world, in the amount of their own property secured to her authors. In some, to this day, perpetual copyright exists; and though it may be reasonable, as Dr. Johnson argued that it was, to surrender a part for greater efficiency of protection to the rest, yet the commonest dictates of natural justice might at least require that an author's family should not be beggared of their inheritance as soon as his own capacity



to provide for them may have ceased. In every continental country this is cared for, the lowest term secured by the most niggardly arrangement being twenty-five years, whereas in England it is the munificent number of seven. Yet the most laborious works, and often the most delightful, are for the most part of a kind which the hereafter only can repay. \* \* No consideration of moral right exists, no principle of economical science can be stated, which would justify the seizure of such books by the public before they have had the chance of remunerating the genius and labor of their producers.

The volumes of Mr. Forster afford many touching proofs of the truth of his positions; and contain, indeed, the most complete and affecting representation, with which we are acquainted, of the bitter struggles and reverses of men of genius in all the walks of life. No author, in this productive and charming department of literature, has ever exhibited so wide a range of knowledge and sympathy;

and, though his hero had become a hackneyed topic, the originality with which the work is conceived and executed, the vast variety of facts, anecdotes, and letters, which are now produced for the first time, the new and more truthful light in which the old materials are disposed, the introduction into the picture of Burke, Johnson, Garrick, and other celebrated members of the Goldsmith group, render these Memoirs as fresh and novel as though Mr. Forster had been the first biographer of the poet, instead of the last. Much, indeed, of what had been previously done, consisted of a loose collection of stories about the man, but here we have depicted the man himself as he moved along his path, and at every turn of the story, which is unfolded with the vivacity and regularity of an actual drama, he stands before us in the vividness of reality, with all the changes which had been wrought in him by each previous stage of his journey. This is real *Biography*.

*Ida May*; a Story of things Actual and Possible.  
By MARY LANGDON. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

We observe that the *Evening Post* affirms with much confidence that this book is from the author of Uncle Tom's Cabin. The *Post* is an authority in literature; yet we are constrained to deny that Mrs. Stowe is or can be the author of *Ida May*. Not that this work is, as the *Post* thinks, decidedly superior to Uncle Tom, but it differs from that world-renowned book in almost every trait that characterizes the peculiar genius of its author.

"Mary Langdon" may be the real name of the author; but we cannot avoid thinking that like "Elizabeth Wetherell" in the title-page of *The Wide, Wide World*, it is only assumed as a convenient method of anonymous authorship. Be that as it may, we venture to say that Mary Langdon—be she spinster, wife, or widow—is a much younger writer than Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was when she committed Uncle Tom's Cabin to the printer; younger not certainly in years, but in the experience and practice of writing stories. Mrs. Stowe will never write a better book than that, the success of which, in the face of the most interested and laborious detraction, is unparalleled in the history of literature; but Mary Langdon, we are confident, has by no means exhausted herself in the production of *Ida May*. We think we see in this book tokens of a power which has not yet been fully developed.

*Ida May* is the story of a white child kidnapped and sold into slavery. It professes to embody "ideas and impressions received by the writer during a residence in the South." Thus, like Dr. Nehemiah Adams's new book, it is a "South-side view of slavery."—South-side, not as being in full sympathy with the great Southern institution, but as having been taken under a Southern

sun. Mary Langdon, whoever she may be, has seen the South, and in this story she gives us her representation of Southern society. The picture has lights as well as shades, but none can find in it any apology for slavery. It will help even the best informed to understand that subject better. Mary Langdon has observed "things actual" with a human and a Christian eye, and with no little insight into the philosophy of human nature.

We cannot but anticipate for this book a wide circulation; and we trust we shall hear from the author again.—*Independent*.

#### THE FALSE REPORT.

(*Vide W. M. Praed's lines on the rumored resignation of Lord Palmerston, in 1834*).

"We must condole with the Press. Lord Aberdeen has not resigned."—*Ministerial Journal*.

There's no foundation for the news,  
Whate'er the sanguine Press may say;  
England has honor yet to lose,  
And memories yet to cast away.

Dead are her laurels, dim her fame,  
But destiny has yet behind  
A darker doom, a fouler shame—  
Lord Aberdeen has *not* resigned.

The scornful look and angry tone  
Are vain in these degenerate days;  
Resigned! oh, no! high hearts alone  
Can rightly value blame or praise.

A nation's sneer, a nation's frown,  
Might awe, might fire, a noble mind;  
Fitt would have flung his office down—  
Lord Aberdeen has *not* resigned.

*The Press.*

From the Ladies' Companion.

## THE HATTON GARDEN SPOON.

(A STORY IN FIVE CHAPTERS.)

## CHAPTER I.

WHEN the little, cheerful, trimly-clad gentlewoman had descended the wide old-fashioned staircase, she turned to the right into a large stone-flagged kitchen.

Two women-servants—the one old, the other young—were seated at needle-work within the circle of a large bow-window that looked out pleasantly into a little court gladdened by the evening sun. It was a little four-cornered court, with tall, dusky houses on two sides of it, and a high wall on the two others; yet some ivy, that thrived apace, and plants in pots, and mignonette in long, trim boxes, gave it air of stillness, freshness, and good neighborhood, very pleasant to behold.

"Prissy," said the trimly-clad gentlewoman, as she forbid her old servant to rise, by a kindly motion of her hand, "your master and I are going a little drive to Hampstead—poor Frisker hasn't been out of the stable these two days, and Trim and Ben have been begging a walk of me all the afternoon. But we shall be back by half-past nine, and we'll have supper by then, Prissy, if you please—the real-pie and a salad," (and here the elderly gentlewoman dropped her voice a tone or so), "and any other little thing that you think may tempt; for our dear Grinling made no dinner yesterday or to-day."

"No, ma'am, and won't," replied Prissy quickly, "if he goes on as he has been going for several weeks. He was at work at five this morning, and is at work still; and though this grand Exhibition, that is to be, will be a good thing for everybody I dare say, it won't for us, dear missis, if it lay young master on a sick bed. Oh no! that would be very sad indeed—for me I know it will, who nursed and loved him as a babe."

"You say truly, Prissy," said the trim elderly gentlewoman with a sigh; "but dear Grinling has been long at man's estate, and it does not do for me or his father, even in love, to interfere with his noble will. For very noble it is—and God has more than blessed us by the gift of such a son. But," she added, a moment after, and more cheerfully, "he will perhaps come with us; I will send his father to ask him; or, if not, he must at least rest after supper; and to-morrow, thank God, he will have a long rest—it is the Sabbath." So saying, little Mrs. Gibbons just lifted up her dress again, so it might not sweep the kitchen floor, and retraced her steps, staying by the door, however, to tell Prissy, in a low voice, that Rogers, the apprentice, must be bidden to come at two on the morrow for a savory dinner for his ailing mother.

Once more in the wainscoted hall, trim little Mrs. Gibbons looked round for her husband; but though she could not see him, she could hear him, for the old gentleman was "sohsohing" Frisker at a vast rate—it being quite evident that that renowned pony of Hatton Garden possessed at the instant an amount of mettle

that would, had he been put to it, have led to his performance of most astounding things. Nor could the little gentlewoman help smiling at Frisker's "naughtiness," as she called it, when she reached the upper door-step of the three that led down to the dusky pavement of Hatton Garden, and there saw not only her short portly husband in the act of restraining Frisker's mettle, but likewise two merry-faced apprentices, who, but for the presence of their portly master, would have incited rather than suppressed the Frisker's "naughtiness." As it was, their manner was very suspicious; and doubtless Frisker knew that he had allies at hand, for his naughtiness increasing, an old porter came and hung himself at the back of the gig, or Frisker, could he have cleared the streets, might have taken a short run of twenty or thirty miles or so, and then only stopped for want of breath.

"My dear David," said little Mrs. Gibbons, smiling, as I have said, in her nice quaint way at the Frisker naughtiness, "will you just see if our dear Grinling can come with us. He half promised at tea-time he would."

"No, no, my dear," was the half-cross reply; you must go! and pray make haste, for this pony is incorrigible. I declare I will sell him next week, and that to a costermonger; for if he go on thus, and we are only able to take him out once a week or so through this busy time, he will be wild or mad by next spring. No, I'll have no further sentiment—I'll sell the fellow next week, and that to a brickmaker or a—"

"Nonsense, my dear," smiled his kind little wife; "you know you couldn't part with Frisker."

"But I can and will, Mrs. Gibbons."

"Hush, David, hush! if our good old pony is a degree unmanageable this evening, it is more your own fault than his. For you know you are always taking him nice pieces of bread into the stable, and every evening a little basket of corn over and above his allowance. So don't scold him, he'll be all right by the time he reaches Hampstead Heath." Then raising her voice a little, Mrs. Gibbons called to Frisker, and bid him be good, with a tender epithet or two that proved of marvellous result. For the pony jerking up his head, turned it round, gave a neigh of delight and recognition that must have astonished everybody in the neighborhood; and putting aside his "naughtiness" as a thing quite alien to him on ordinary occasions, relapsed into his wonted state of patient tameness and docility. The porter retreated to the pavement; the apprentices settled their "missis's things," namely a wadded cloak and a footstool, in the gig; and the irascible old gentleman, as though to atone for his threat about the costermonger, coaxed Frisker over the ears, and let the pretty creature rest its nose upon the cuff of his coat—though it was his best one.

Followed by Ben and Trim, who, to say the truth, had by divers barks and sly nibbles vastly aided and abetted the Frisker rebellion, Mrs. Gibbons retraced her steps along the wide hall into a parlor; large, lofty, and looking into the still, ivy-garnished court already mentioned. From this the sun came in, broadly and golden and full of gladness, as though it were the glory

of some benignant, loving angel's wing, whose feathery points, more full of glory than the rest, shot, as they moved, bright rays of amber light wherever lay a shadow in the room. Though exquisitely decked and neat, and well and even luxuriously furnished, this fine old room had no commonplace or formal air about it; but in the profusion of fresh and rare flowers, in the carved antique furniture, in the pictures, the books, the china, there was the evidence of much substance and cultivated taste. It was more like a room in some old country grange, than one in the heart of dusky London.

Taking a small bunch of keys from her pocket, little Mrs. Gibbons unlocked a quaint, carved cupboard in a recess, poured a few spoonfuls of a rare cordial into a taper Venetian glass of most exquisite form, put this, with a biscuit, upon a little antique china salver, and then went from the parlor again into the hall, staying as she did so by a cushioned chair, to rouse a very huge black cat that lay there curled up asleep. The minute it heard its name of "Sweep," and saw the glass and salver in her hand, it leapt to the ground, and ran on before with a docility which rivalled that of Trim and Ben.

At the far end of the hall was a great oaken door, made stronger by vast clenchings of iron. This, after the old lady had rung a bell, being opened from the inner side, she and the household pets were admitted into a series of immense work-rooms, that led, one from the other, in a continuous line. They had evidently, from the amount of carving, traces of stone groining, round windows partially bricked up, and from the floors of massive oak, once formed portions of some old palatial mansion, perhaps that of the bishops of Ely, and afterwards of Queen Elizabeth's handsome chancellor. Though their day of state was thus gone by, their present use could hardly be called an ignoble one; for as they opened one into the other, there might be seen almost the entire process of silver work, from the rough ore yet unassayed, to it as it stood in the burnished candelabrum and the costly salver. At the end of the fifth room, where the finished plate stood ranged on baize-covered tables, the little lady opened a small door, partly glass, and shaded by a green curtain, and entered one of the prettiest little offices or studies you can imagine. It was solely occupied by a young man, who, seated drawing at a table, placed in the recess of a small bay window, did not seemingly see or hear his visitor, till Sweep, jumping up on the table, began to purr round his shoulder. Then he looked, and then at once you saw it was the trim little gentleman's son, by the extreme likeness between them.

"Won't you go with us, my dear Grinling?" she asked—for such was her son's name, given to him in honor of the great English wood-carver—"we are going a drive across Hampstead Heath, and so home to supper. The air would do you good." And as she spoke she laid her hand tenderly upon his shoulder—the one near which Sweep was purring such a pretty song.

"Not to-night, I think," he answered gently, for his speech always betokened the reverence in which he held this good soul; "I want to finish

before dark this shading of the design, so as to judge of the effect. As, should it be good, Wilcox can begin the model on Monday. For if I do not thus make progress, our house will scarcely hold its old fame in the great exhibition of next May."

"But there is full ten months yet, Grinling," said his mother with a smile.

"Yes," was the reply, "there would be time enough, if good designs were procurable, but they are not; and from what has occurred to-day I fear we shall not only have to depend upon my own pencil for the designs of the more important and costly articles, but also for those for forks and spoons—for the originality and beauty of which our house has half a century's fame. To fail in this department would be almost worse than in articles of greater cost and pretension."

"It would," was the reply; "but I thought you had sent round to several of the best designers. Have they sent no designs in?"

"Plenty. Three young men were here this afternoon, with some twenty or thirty designs between them for forks and spoons; but with one exception all were totally without originality. As far as correctness of drawing went, these designs were true enough; but there was such an utter absence of taste, something so plebeian and commonplace in the result as a whole, that I could but refer the singular deficiency to the utter absence of all education but that connected with mere lines and geometrical principles. There had been no leaving the common boundaries of art for art's great sake."

"My dear Grinling," said the intelligent little gentlewoman, as, laying her hand upon her son's shoulder, Sweep comprehended it in his tender coaxings, and sang to it some of the softest notes of his pretty purring song, "because you, whilst reading the Italian poets, or a Greek historian, or the French Bossuet, or one of the grand new books of our grand age, stop often and say, 'Oh! let me recollect this, for it is a piece for art,' all men cannot do this, nor would, even if they had had your education; for this perception is given but to few. Besides, the education of artists has been generally such a neglected one, whilst you, my dearest Grinling, had all the advantages that mine and your father's love could give. For when you left Merchant Tailors' School, you might have gone on to Oxford, and been sure of the highest honors there; but you preferred going to Italy, and cultivating its language and its art. Besides," she added, "you had always an unconquerable love of the pencil from a little child. Think how young you were when you loved those." She pointed as she spoke to some of Flaxman's exquisite designs for the Iliad and Odyssey, which, in pretty though old-fashioned frames, were hung up and down the walls of the little studio.

"Yes," he said with a smile, "my love for those began very young. I think, too, that the stories you used to tell me on winter evenings about Flaxman sitting in his little chair behind his father's counter, reading Pope's Homer, first made me think that the essence of art is drawn from far wider bounds than the lines we put on paper. And even to-day my boyish love for

these prints has been my best inspiration. See!" As he spoke, the good son raised up the fine design upon which he was at work, so that his mother might see it. It was for a sort of tripod of wrought silver, for use as a centre-piece in holding fruits and flowers; the branches to hold, amidst exquisite filigreed work, rich porcelain cups of the deepest blue, whose hue would gleam through the airy interspaces. Nature and cultivation had together made the artist fruitful of a genuine work, for nothing could exceed its simple yet original beauty.

In the meanwhile the good mother had put on her spectacles, and stood looking at the work. Now she raised her head, and regarding her son with tender and reverend pride, looked from his thoughtful face once more upon those masterpieces which Homer had spiritually created, and to which Flaxman had given form.

"My dear Grinling," she said in her own gentle way, "as your father told me yesterday, your design is very beautiful, and much will come of it, I think. Nor is my idea merely fancy; I am sure that you owe the best part of your peculiar taste to those pure and graceful outlines from Flaxman's pencil. Six months before you were born, your father and I saw them one evening in a shop-window. We stopped to look, and my admiration was earnest and genuine; for though I knew nothing of art as an artist, I had a taste that way. All evening I talked to your father of those outlines; and when I returned from my walk the next afternoon to tea, I was astonished to find them hung round our dear old parlor in the same frames they rest in now. My surprise was as great as my joy. Week by week, till you were born, I sat amidst them at my needle-work, often looking up, often staying to rest whole minutes with my gaze fixed on them, and wishing that my child might, as it grew up, see as much grace and purity as I saw in those lovely outlines, and have beside a taste for art; not so much because of this old Hatton Garden business, as for the idea which I had formed in regard to myself, though in me it was uncultivated, that any taste which raises us above the constant consideration of the mere commonplaces of daily life, makes us better, makes us holier, lifts us as it were to God. My wishes were fruitful; you were born with a love of and a sense of the beautiful. As you grew, and I carried you up and down our parlor, you gazed, and in time pointed your tiny fingers at the dear pictures; and this taste went on growing till you took a pencil in your hand, and gave us signs, though they were childish ones, of our duty, and through it of such excellence as seems here. My Grinling, my dear and thoughtful son, may I live long to bless heaven for what thou art to both me and to your father."

"Dear mother," said the tender son, "there are debts in this life we cannot and we should not attempt to pay. Such are mine to you."

He laid his head on the tender arm, where it had rested so many countless times in peace and infant love, and took her dear maternal hands within his own. On these the sinking sun shed the sweet blessing of its light; and to them

pretty little old black Sweep purred out anew his song.

"My dear Grinling," said the good mother, "you must not be distressed about this business of the designs for forks and spoons. There is ample time, and genius enough in London you may be sure; and if I am a good propheteess, as you say I am, we shall find it, or it will come to us, be certain. Remember the old Scripture proverb against useless and carking care, and proceed with your own fine work in peace. Indeed, I think we shall find what is needed, and this without difficulty, if we seek it at female hands. For a taste for art in woman is not now suffered to die out without cultivation, as it was in my young time. Your father has read so much to me lately out of the newspapers about the extraordinary development of taste in the Female School of design, that, if proper means are taken, I think what is needful will be easily found in this direction."

Her son smiled and looked up into her face. "You are always thinking of a daughter, mother; and those treasures you say you are saving for her in your deep, old-fashioned drawers; ancient lace, and wonderful linen, and things of that sort."

"Well, well, my Grinling, I hope to have one some day, and to love her too. Now just let me see you take a few drops of this wine cordial—for you know you have scarcely tasted food to-day—and let me go, or your father will be as impatient as Frisker has been."

She waited till he had sipped the restoring cordial and eaten a fragment of the biscuit; then when she had pressed her lips down once more upon his thoughtful face, she went her way as she had come, and left him to his earnest work, to the lingering beauty of the setting sun, and to the deep old-fashioned pur of dear old Sweep, tucked up in pincushion stateliness an inch beyond his pencil.

In five minutes more the good couple were on their way from Hatton Garden, the old gentleman's irritability much softened, now his wife was by his side, and Frisker proceeding onwards with a vast alacrity, that, with his glossy coat, and pricked-up ears, and tiny fetlocks, made many and many a passer-by turn round; to say nothing of Ben and Trim, perched up on the seat behind.

Avoiding the ordinary road to Hampstead, the rich working-silversmith of Hatton Garden drove his good wife along Oxford-street, by Baker-street and the Regent's Park; and when they were off the stones and could hear themselves speak, they commenced a pleasant chat of their young days; of Hampstead as it was then—a pleasant place amidst green fields, and not as now—a mere suburb of London. To this discourse the good silversmith added divers enriching points of information; for he was well read, as a citizen of London ought to be, in its ancient history; and he told her of Hampstead Heath, and its old Roman road from Verulam, and its manor and seat of Bellsizes belonging to the Abbey of Westminster, and the connection of that manor and seat with the name of Vane the



younger, who thence from its fine avenue was taken to the tower; and of the judges who, at the time of the great plague, came hither to the shadowed terrace on the Heath, to try the assize prisoners; and of Richardson, and of other great literary names since his day; and lastly, the good old citizen spoke of the view which lay from Hampstead to the vale of Harrow; that Norden, writing in the days of Queen Elizabeth, said of its fields, that at the time of Harvest the husbandman who waited for their fruits "could but clap his hands for joy to see this vale so to laugh and sing."

From the Finchley, or rather the Barnet road, they turned up a real old English lane, which leads by Child's Hill to the Heath. Here the good silversmith went off from antiquarianism to love in his discourse, and brought to his sweet old wife's mind a long-ago evening in their days of courtship, when in this very lane he had asked her to be his, and she had not said "nay." At this, matron and mother as she was, the good gentlewoman bent her face; for to it stole a tender shame worthy of our human nature and her woman's heart.

At this point Ben and Trim were permitted to descend, and to run off with wild barks of delight; whilst Frisker, it must be confessed, somewhat reluctantly, went more moderately onward, past strips of roadside common rich in tender greenness, past dipping trees and clumps of fern and gorse, past runnel and broad-spread hedge-rows, till he came out on the wide, solitary, gorse-clad heath, bathed partly in the glory of the setting sun. As was their custom, Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons descended from the gig, and leading Frisker to a point of greensward, threw the reins on his neck; thus leaving him at perfect liberty to nibble the short sweet grass, or rub his nose in the fresh greenness of the fern. When they turned round to proceed on a short walk up and down beneath the lovely sweeping hedge-row, and its evening shadows, they were surprised to see that Ben and Trim had made cheerful acquaintance with a little Isle of Skye dog that evidently belonged to a lady—a young lady, sitting on a seat commanding a sweet point of the broad landscape. She sat very still; so very still, and looking away across the wide sweep of fern and gorse, as evidently not at first to be aware of passers-by; but this, rather than otherwise, excited the observation—almost curiosity—of the good couple; of little Mrs. Gibbon especially, who had a fine sense of what was peaceful and modest in the behavior of her sex. In keeping with such demeanor was the young stranger's dress; very plain, very simple and unexpensive, yet clean, and fresh, and excellently contrasted—each thing suiting the other with rare fitness, from shoe and stocking, and gown and glove, to the crowning bonnet. Yet the good couple did not see her face; but when they had retraced their steps, returned again, and approached near enough, the tasteful eye of the good old gentlewoman was struck by a little sight—very simple, as all exquisite nature is, yet very beautiful. The waning, yet richly flooding sun lay partly on the sward at the young girl's

feet, and partly on her dress of a dark brown hue, amidst the folds of which drooped downward from her crossed right-hand a spray of the common meadow butter-cup, turned back at about half its length upon its own long stem. The flowers were unusually fine, as though the root had grown in a moist rich soil; and as the fine sun played upon their yellowness, and upon the rich greenness of the shining leaves, nothing could exceed the exquisite grace and contrast of the whole. It was a little gem of nature worthy the most skilful fingers of imitative art. One large and glittering leaf hung below the stem; and the simple beauty of the whole attracting for the instant the old gentlewoman's gaze, she did not see till she looked up that the young girl was also regarding the flower as though suddenly struck by the singular beauty of the little golden buttercups and buds thus lying amidst the russetness of gown and leaves, as stars rest still at night upon an emerald sea. But the young girl lifted up her face, and buttercup, and bud and leaf were in the instant forgotten by the good little old gentlewoman, who saw only *that*, the human flower, in all its youth, its touching look of tenderness, its earnestness and self-repose. There was a look, too, in it of depth and power—a sort of acute earnestness in its expression, as though some congenial thought on which it was pleasant to dwell had been suddenly aroused. This might be so; for nothing of spirit that is pure and divine but what will betray its presence in the human face. Their eyes met; the trim little gentlewoman longed—irresistibly longed—to speak; but her fear of rudely trespassing restrained her. However, Ben and Trim, that by this time were on a footing of most companionable friendship with the little thick-coated stranger, would have brought about a speedy acquaintanceship, there is little reason to fear, had not a loud call from a distance interrupted, at this precise moment, the first preliminaries. Looking round, the little old gentlewoman and her husband beheld, on a gate in the distant hedgerow, a boy of about twelve, dressed in the quaint garb of the Blue-coat School, and who, waving a large bunch of luxuriant wild-flowers, jumped off and came quickly running to where they stood. Judging, and rightly, that this was the young lady's companion, the good couple bowed slightly and passed on. When they reached the end of their grassy walk, and turned again, they saw that the stranger had quitted the seat, and, passing away amidst the fern, was gradually climbing the grassy hill towards Hampstead, her arm round the schoolboy's neck, and the little dog frisking wildly on before. The old silversmith and his little wife were much disappointed—the old gentlewoman especially; and it was not till they had watched the strangers out of sight that they continued their walk or disturbed Frisker from his nibbling pastime.

Through such fields as are yet left, the young lady and the schoolboy made their way to Camden Town; there they took an omnibus to Islington, and prepared to alight at the Angel. They were alone in the vehicle; and just before it



stayed, the young lady took a 'purse from her pocket, and drawing from it a bright fourpenny-piece, slid it into the schoolboy's hand.

"I would give you more, dear Frankland," she said, as though apologetically, "I would indeed, my darling; but I am not rich just now."

"I ought not to want any, Luce," was the frank laddish reply; "but——" Here the boy hesitated, as though there was warfare between his love of sweetmeats and his better love for his gentle sister—for his sister she was.

"There, there," she said, as she bent her face down to his fair one; "keep it, and you shall have more next week. I know your weakness, Franny, for sweetmeats; and I would have you just as honorable about the payment of a tart or lollipop as about a larger thing. Now good-bye, my darling, or you will be late. Come and see me next holiday afternoon, and by that time ask good old dame Carden what we talked about as we crossed Hampstead Heath."

"Yes, Luce, that I will. Dame Carden will do it, I'm sure; for she knows those rich silversmiths of Hatton Garden so well. Her little dead grandson was a blue-coat till he went to be their apprentice. Now, good-bye, pet; take care of my gold-fish, and recollect, as you finish the gooseberry-pie, that I thought it a special one."

In a minute more he had kissed this fond sister, pinched the dog by way of good-bye, slid from the omnibus, and was off with the speed of boyish feet. More gently and thoughtfully his pretty sister took her way towards Canonbury, which it was just dusk before she reached. Indeed the silvery moon had risen above the tall poplars which skirt the New River as she unlatched the little garden-wicket of one of a row of pretty secluded cottages that had on the other side a larger sweep of garden running to the water's edge. This lesser garden, as she entered, smelt as though newly watered—which it had been by a tall, pale-faced man, looking like a clerk or warehouseman, who, kneeling by a little border near the door, was trimming away the dead flowers and leaves. It was plain to see that he was a lover of flowers. The young girl stayed a minute to speak to him, and to admire the beauty and freshness of the little plot of ground.

"Yes, ma'am," said the man, rising and speaking with the utmost respect, "the garden is a great comfort to me. Many and many a time through the toilsome day the thought of it cheers me on. Nor do I ever think of it without blessing God that I came here, and for the change wrought in me; nor without thinking that you counselled what saved me to my wife and children."

"It is always pleasant, John Laurence," replied Lucy Bassett (for such was her name), "to find that given counsel has proved good, as it has in your case. You were certainly very ill when I first knew you, and could not have recovered—at least for a permanency—if you had not moved away from the town. Now good night! The garden looks charming, and will have its usual admirers in the Sunday passers-by to-morrow, I am very sure."

She was passing into the house; but the man

stayed her, to add some carnations he had gathered to her posy of wild flowers, and to tell her that Miss Moggs (from whom he had brought a note) was coming by-and-bye to make a call, as his master, Mr. Bowyer, had come up from Margate unexpectedly that afternoon, and had bought a basket, which she wished to deliver in person.

The young girl said she should be glad to see so kind a friend as Miss Moggs. Then she went in, and staying for a minute by a cheerful open doorway that looked into one of the trimmest, prettiest kitchens imaginable, was met by a good-looking matronly young woman, the mother of five or six children, and the wife of the careful gardener.

"I am glad you are home, ma'am," she said, with kind, yet respectful interest, "though it is a bright night and not yet late. But we shall eat our supper the better for your being safe. And see, ma'am, how nicely I've got on—the children all in bed save Nelly here, supper ready, and everything done—even to the brightening up of your plate as usual—which Nelly did not put into the basket, but laid upon the table."

As she spoke she moved her hand, as though to show the exquisitely neat parlor-like little kitchen, with its row of newly-cleaned tiny shoes, its store of Sabbath linen airing by the fire, the large family gooseberry-pie just home from the baker's and the cloth laid neatly for the humble supper. It was altogether the picture and pattern of a humble English household.

Expressing her pleasure at this pretty homely sight of cleanliness and good management, Lucy was passing onward to the staircase, when Mrs. Laurence bethought her to say that Miss Moggs would take supper before she came, and therefore Miss Bassett was not to prepare any for her.

"If that is the case," said Lucy, gladly, "you shall bring me my usual cup of chocolate, Mary. This I will take, and then sit down to draw till Miss Moggs comes, for I must make use of my dear Franny's pretty wild flowers, whilst they are fresh and with their bloom on them."

So saying, she passed up the neat carpeted stairs, into such a pretty sitting-room, with a bed-room opening from it, as to be quite a little fairyland of freshness, taste, and comfort. Its broad open window, with trim muslin curtains, looked out upon the larger garden and the tall poplars, through whose green leaves the little river pathed in moonlight shone on its silvery way. There were little old-fashioned oil-paintings about the room, an oval glass in a filigreed frame, modern prints principally of objects of sculpture, old china, a bird-cage, a piano, and a profusion of thriving plants. Beyond was seen through the airy open door, the lesser room all clad in white—a little room most exquisite—and both were richly lighted by the silvery flooding moon.

Putting her flowers down, as it were carelessly for the instant, on the table, Lucy's first thought when she had removed her scarf and bonnet, was tiny Penn, the dog; the little untiring, honest friend, through good and evil fortune as she had proved, young thing; and finding him, as she suspected, already gone to bed on his little mat,

she brought his saucer of water, let him lap, then gave him pretty coaxes and soft words; whereupon, after many grateful caresses that proved his grateful heart, though tiny dog he was, he curled himself up anew, and went off forthwith into an amazing sleep.

When Lucy had read good Miss Moggs's note, which was but a line or so, she drew her table towards the window, intending to take her supper before she lit her lamp. As she did this, she suddenly stopped, arrested by the beauty that lay beneath her gaze. The butter-cups that had lain so golden in the sun, and had already made her ponder as to their practicability for an artistic purpose, lay cast by chance from amidst the other meadow-flowers upon one of the newly-burnished spoons; the stem upon its handle, the green leaf below the stem within the bowl, so as in fact to be a floral spoon resting on the scintillating silvery ore, as though for garniture. But fashion it in silver, and art and nature will be one!

With the intuition of genius, the young girl saw all this. Yes, here was the lovely purpose. She would draw the design for a cream-ladle; the flower and stem should form the handle, the drooping leaf the bowl; it should be the BUTTERCUP SPOON—the one that should go by other hands to the great silversmiths in Hatton Garden.

Oh! go and show the hand of genius, little cups and buds! Rocked by the summer wind, cherished by the evening dew, fed by the balmy air, your simple, graceful, natural loveliness must be transferred by art; for touching consequences lie with thee, oh! simple, little, tender flowers!

#### CHAP. II.

Thus Lucy Bassett stood when Mary brought in her chocolate. She hastily partook of it, set aside the tray, lighted the lamp, brought forth her drawing materials, and with fresh fair hands, beside the broad window open to the pure evening breeze, sat down to draw those pretty cups and buds and shining leaves, as they lay on and in, the silver spoon.

It was full half-past ten, when a cab stayed before the little Canonbury cottage, and a plain, middle-aged woman alighting therefrom with a capacious basket, went up-stairs to Lucy Bassett's room. She knocked, then gently opened the door, looked round it, and went in, as though fearing to intrude. But in an instant Lucy was by her side, had taken both her hands, had put down the basket, had led her to a capacious chair by the window, and making her sit down in it, drew a stool for herself at her feet. There was such tenderness, and truth and respect in good Miss Moggs's face, as she looked down upon the young girl, as to give to her pallid homely features a touch of maternal beauty.

After a kindly greeting, Miss Moggs looked towards the table; "I hope you will forgive my coming late, dear child," she said; "but you know that I have to head our large supper-table, and that Saturday night is our latest in the week."

"Oh! I know all so well, dear Moggs," said

Lucy, "that you must spare apologies. I am only glad, amidst all you have to think of, that you find even a moment for a little solitary stranger like myself. It is very good of you, and proves how truthful you are."

"Who ought to be you," replied Miss Moggs earnestly; "for think what you have been to us and to our hard duties—lessening them in number and length, and so adding pleasure and profit to the leisure given, that our great retail house has become a proverb even beyond St. Paul's. For though Mr. Bowyer has a good heart and sound practical sense, it was not till he discovered the advantage his children had reaped from your instruction, and learnt to prize your friendship, and to heed whatever you suggested, however indirectly spoken, that he made those changes in our hours of business, that have been such a blessing and a profit to those he employs. For he is a worthy man, always willing to follow out improvements when he can be once made to see their value. Thus he is a contrast to his kindly yet vulgar wife, whose growth only keeps pace with her husband's riches in two things, those in regard to the feeding and adornment of her body."

"I grant, dear Moggs, that she is fearfully common-place and vulgar," replied Lucy kindly; "and both these things were a great affliction to me when I first became instructress to her daughters three years ago. But she has a good heart, and there is always hope for improvement when such is the case. As for what I have done for you and the rest of the business household, it must not be made too much of, or I shall grow vain. It was but giving a few hours through the winter evenings, and instructing some of you in music, others in drawing, and others in French. These things are not worth over-estimation, dear Moggs, seeing the task was one of pleasure; in the matter of drawing, especially, for I have perhaps a gift that way; and I believe, do most earnestly believe, that where God has so largely endowed us with a rich and perfect faculty, it is our duty, our richest, our most religious duty, to endeavor to impart to others less endowed as much benefit from such faculty as we may."

"Yes," said the poor lowly shopwoman, laying her lips down on the dear young forehead as she spoke, "it is just such a Christian thought as you would have, my dear one. It is Christ's law active, giving of our overplus to our weaker, poorer, brother. And may He in his good time give to all his gifted creatures impulses like these, and we shall have nothing to fear either for Christianity or for man."

And then she laid her face closer to that young forehead, as though her humble spirit prayed.

It was Lucy who spoke first, and who raised up her earnest face; so earnest that Miss Moggs had never seen it look thus before.

"Dear friend," she said, "you can hardly fancy what I would do if I had but the power. Oh, yes! I sometimes think if dear old uncle Richard would but return from sea, so that I had less care for myself and Franny, less toil for mere bread alone, that I would strive to do much that was new for art! Oh! yes I would,

so that all of our sex that had a taste might find easy means of cultivation, if only for the sake of its own moral and refining influence. Oh! yes I would—but the saddest part of poverty is, that it too often robs talent of its richest fruit."

She sighed, and Miss Moggs sighed. Miss Moggs was poor, for she had an aged mother depending on her for support; and Lucy was poor, for she had much to do with her narrow income, and could but cleave to all the habits and duties of a gentlewoman.

But in a few minutes Miss Moggs was her old cheerful self again. "Come, come, this will never do," she said, "I have not yet told you my errand, or delivered my message. The truth is, Mr. Bowyer came up unexpectedly to town this afternoon, to see Mr. Fletcher, our Spitalfields manufacturer, about a further design for the Exhibition silks; but though—"

"I thought that business had been already settled," interrupted Lucy.

"Yes, it was, before Mr. Bowyer went back to Margate on Thursday; and as I sent you word, Mr. Fletcher had accepted and greatly praised your design; but the truth is, I think that Mr. Bowyer received one unexpectedly this morning by post, and so came up to town at once about it. He did not say who supplied it, but I fancy it was some one whom he met at a dinner at the London Tavern a few weeks ago, and with whom, I heard him tell Mr. Fletcher, he had had a most remarkable conversation as to the relation of art to British manufactures. It was this conversation, I fancy, that led Mr. Bowyer to suddenly change his opinions with respect to the practicability of the Exhibition, and to come forward with so magnificent a subscription as he did. As to this design, if it work well in the *mise en carte*, it will rival anything that the Lyonsese can produce. It will be a raised pattern in silver pile upon a rich dead white-corded sarsnet, and is to be called 'The Silver Wedding Silk.' Of course it will be costly, but beautiful in the extreme."

"It will, indeed," replied Lucy, if Mr. Fletcher praises the design thus, for I consider his taste of a very first-rate kind. But I am going to see if I cannot produce some art-designs for the Exhibition. Hitherto I have only had two purposes in all the artistic work I have done, that is, self-improvement, and painting little pictures for dear old uncle Richard against he should return. But that hope seems dead; and therefore now our dearest, only friend seems lost to us forever—for we must expect nothing from our worldly uncle John—I must, I feel, turn my talent to a practical end, if only for dear Franny's sake, whose prospects in life rest on me and my endeavors. Indeed I think, so far from being unhappy, I shall reap much from making my love of art serve a strictly practical end."

"I think so, my dear," said Miss Moggs, "for it is one of the most religious ends of beauty thus to bring it down to the lowly purposes of common life. But as for pecuniary means, my dear, I think I have some good news to tell you. Mr. Bowyer said to me this very day in the counting-house—for mine has been a long service, and eight-and-twenty years has earned his

confidence—that your salary is going to be raised; for he thoroughly estimates all you have done for his three young daughters. Indeed he told me, with tears in his eyes, that many notice their lady-like manners and solid improvement, and that such is the pride of his heart. And indeed from what he said indirectly of their mother, I think improvement is taking place with her too, as she wants you to pay them a visit at the end of next week; and you know, dear, there was a time when she dreaded what she calls 'gentility,' whilst at the sea-side. She liked to bathe, and eat shrimps, and ride donkeys, without too nice observance. But you'll find her note in the basket."

Lucy was about to rise, but Miss Moggs restrained her. "I have something to say to you, something to give you, something . . ." And here good plain Miss Moggs hesitated, and, much to Lucy's surprise, could say no more.

At length she pulled a soft, long parcel from her pocket, unpinned two pins at either end, and opening it, there lay a little pile of exquisitely-worked cambric pocket-handkerchiefs—perfect gems in their way.

"Pray, pray," faltered Miss Moggs, striving to make a formal speech, but failing terribly, "please, Miss Bassett, accept these pocket-handkerchiefs as the humble offering of Sarah Moggs and the eight-and-thirty young women employed by Mr. Bowyer, the large silk mercer and linen-draper of St. Paul's Church-yard, for your goodness to them through the evenings of two successive winters, whereby they are greatly improved both in accomplishments and general knowledge. They wish it were a better gift—but as the needle-work is their own, you will perhaps, for that reason, estimate it as though it were worthier."

This was a grand speech for poor Miss Moggs, and she could proceed no further.

Already did the young girl kneel at her feet, already had she burst into tears, already had she strived to speak, but could not; and Miss Moggs crying too, and willing to restrain Lucy's faltering words, raised her up, folded her in her arms, kissed her tenderly, and then leaving her, glided from the room, before Lucy was aware of her intention. She ran down stairs to call her back, to pour forth her grateful thanks—but Miss Moggs was gone.

Of course such tears as those of happiness are soon dried. When this was so, Mary came up-stairs to admire the pocket-handkerchiefs, and to help to unpack the basket—a very store of riches in itself. For at the top were letters, next a very wilderness of roses and geraniums, then some choice fruit, then beneath thick leaves fine Pegwell Bay shrimps and prawns fresh that afternoon; and beneath these a store of shells and sea-weed—the very richest treasure of all to Lucy, for these would serve her art!

They were carefully put aside; the flowers in water, the fruit divided between Mary's children, and a store for Franny; the prawns and shrimps were put in portions, so as John might carry them early in the morning as little presents to kindly neighbors for their breakfasts. This done, all things set right again, and Mary gone,

it was nearly twelve, and time for bed. So when all fitting preparations were made for the morrow, the young girl went to rest—the pure and balmy rest of the innocent and true in heart!

On the morrow, as she returned from church in true Sabbath nicety, a little lad, dressed in the garb of one of the city charity schools brought her this note, written in large hand, and on a piece of paper that seemed to have served a previous purpose of wrapping up cakes or sugar barley:—

"DEAR SISTER LUCE.

(Secret.)

"Poor old Dame Carden fell down on Friday and hurt her leg. Please go and see her to-day, and take her some tea in your pocket—she is so fond of tea—a cup will make her well. Please go! she is so good. A boy, I know, calls her mother, that hasn't one. It was only on Friday that she made him a beef-dumpling.

"From your affectionate brother,

"FRANKLAND BASSETT.

"P. S.—Tell Dick I've got him his groundsel."

This characteristic note made Lucy laugh heartily. But she was sure to obey so innocent a desire. When she had therefore rested awhile after dinner, she put on her white silk bonnet and black cloak once more, lessened the contents of her little tea-caddy, and strayed in the garden on her way, to gather a few fresh sprigs of mignonette. But, upon second thoughts, not liking to convey them in her hand, she hid them in the bosom of her gown where they would be little crushed. Then she went on her way, riding partly, to the quiet little court in Bucklersbury, where, in one of some dozen quaint almshouses, the poor old widow of a once opulent merchant dwelt.

Much did trim little Mrs. Gibbons talk over that Saturday night's supper; the more that Grinling enjoyed the nice delicacy that the good old servant had with thoughtful hand prepared. Seeing this, and her heart thus set at ease, little Mrs. Gibbons gave full account of Frisker's goodness, and that of Trim and Ben, and had much moreover to say of Hampstead Heath. But these were insignificant subjects compared to what she had to say of the young stranger: and so accurately did she describe manner and apparel and face, that it would be surely no fault of hers if Grinling, when he met the stranger, did not recognize her at once. But he listened, as we listen to indifferent things, simply for listening's sake.

Nor were you forgotten, little cups and buds! Rocked by the summer wind, cherished by the evening dew, fed by the balmy air, your simple, graceful, natural loveliness, was thus remembered and heard of by those who, through a life to come, must wear you by their hearts. Oh! simple, little, tender flowers!

There were two things in the Gibbons household that were performed like clock-work, as everybody knew. The one, that every Saturday morning through the year Grinling went early to Covent Garden Market, to buy the freshest and rarest flowers for his mother's breakfast-table;

the other, that on every Sabbath morning she went on his arm to church.

So on this Sabbath morning, as for years they had done, they went their way. She as neat, as kind, as excellent a gentlewoman as any in great London city; he thoughtful and reserved as always. Walking, as was their custom in fine weather, they gladly left, at length, the glaring sunshine; and descending the wide steps into the aisle of the grand old city church, so grateful were the shadows of arch and vaulted roof, so cool and fresh the air that swept around, as to give to both the inexpressible sense of prayer, of gratitude, of reverence, even on the threshold of that holy place.

The service over, they went, as was their custom, towards the altar, where usually sat a group of aged women. The one they sought was not there; but they soon learnt the reason why, from one of the others.

"Mrs. Carden, ma'am," she respectfully said, "met with a slight accident on Friday, by slipping down the outer stairs. It is no great harm, but the doctor says she must keep still for a few days."

"I am indeed very sorry," replied good little Mrs. Gibbons, with much concern; "please tell her I made inquiries, and that I will either call, or send to her this afternoon."

The truth was, that every Sabbath morning this good soul gave to this other good, though poor and widowed soul, five shillings; not from any ostentation or merit of giving in so holy a place, but from incident at first, and afterwards from the habit of long years; till at length the pious offering was given, and was received, as part of the wholesome duty of the sacred day.

But when afternoon came, and dinner was over, the little gentlewoman, tired with her morning's walk, felt unwilling to venture forth again; so, talking of sending Prissy or the younger maid with it, she took out her purse, and wrapped a bright half sovereign in a little piece of silver paper—the sweet gift of the old to one poor and far older!

It had, however, other bearer. Usually through the summer, young Mr. Gibbons spent his Sabbath afternoon away from town, though not in visiting. But journeying to such a place as Hatfield Chase, or Hainault Forest, there passed the golden afternoon in the still shadows of glade or quiet fields: to think, to read, to breathe the pleasant air; to see nature in her vernal spring, her affluent summer, or her russet autumn. Such things are Sabbaths in themselves!

So now he prepared to be the messenger of the little gift, on his way for a still hour in Hainault Forest: at this time his good mother was glad, for nothing was better for him than the sweet air; and moreover, as he was the very soul of tenderness and generosity, she knew he would add to the pious gift. So, when she had settled herself in her arm-chair for her afternoon's nap, when he had spread her fair handkerchief across her face to keep out the sun, when dear little purring Sweep had tucked himself up beside her, when the old silversmith had put on his spectacles and taken his book, though probably not to



be read long, but to be off in a nap too, then this good son went on his way.

It was between four and five o'clock when he entered the little court in Bucklersbury. It lay half in shadow, and the stillness of centuries seemed to brood over its quaint precincts; yet there was an air of cheerfulness and well-being about it very pleasant to behold. The buildings round were nicely whitewashed, and kept in repair; there was much ivy about, with jutting gables peeping from it; there was some turf in the midst of the court, a quaint sun-dial, and a very ancient well, that yet gave crystal water. The basement of each of the twelve houses seemed used as a cellar, for only a little prison-like window looked out on the court, whilst each second story, approached by a flight of stone steps and a little balcony, led into the dwelling, consisting of a large sitting-room and two bedrooms. Thus removed from immediate contact with the ground, and with large windows, these little habitations were airy and cheerful in the extreme.

Up the whitest steps, in the sunniest corner Mr. Gibbons sought the dwelling of the old widow; but when he reached the little ivied balcony, he found that she had a visitor, for the door standing open, he could not only hear, but see within. As he stayed for the instant, doubtful what to do, he found that Mrs. Carden's visitor was reading, not talking, as he had first suspected; and struck by the exceeding tenderness and beauty of the voice, he could but listen. It was a young voice, a woman's voice—it read the Scriptures. The longer he stayed, the more intently was he an auditor; he was not a man usually moved in such matters, but he was now. Looking within the pleasant room as he stood, with curiosity incited by his admiring ear, he saw reflected, in a long oval mirror on the wall, the picture of the reader and the listener—a venerable woman in a large chair, her injured leg on a rest; a little tea-table beside her, spread with two cups and saucers, and a small packet, which he rightly divined was a gift, for it was the contents of the small Canonbury tea-caddy. On the other side of the table sat the reader, a young woman not more than twenty, if that; so exquisitely, yet plainly dressed, as to strike at once his artistic eye. She was without her bonnet, and her profuse dark hair brushed plainly from her face permitted him to see it. Its intelligence, its childlike earnestness, struck him more than its beauty—it was the face of one who, reading of the Heaven to come, did so without a straying thought to earth. He had a vague impression that this was the face that his mother had seen and admired the night before. The more this impression grew, the more did his interest. But the reader was coming to the end of the chapter! To stay there, and be a voluntary listener to what conversation might follow, would be no other than a crime; he therefore drew back into the balcony, added a sovereign to his mother's gift, put both into a self-sealing envelope he had in his pocket-book, and wrote on it with his pencil, "From Mrs. Gibbons, and with Mr. G. Gibbons's best wishes." This done, he stepped forward to the threshold to find a chair or table on which to lay it unobserved. To

the right of the open door stood a table, as he had surmised; and lo! as he put his tremulous hand to it to lay down the letter, there was a little white silk bonnet, and a pair of outstretched gloves, on which were placed some sprigs of odorous mignonette. No sooner thought of than done! He laid down the letter by the gloves, took up a sprig of it, and stepping from the threshold, went, without further lingering, down the shadow of the stairs. It was a theft, certainly, but that of the bee from the honey-cup of the overladen flower—a theft that needed not deep casuistry to find in temptation the source of a large forgiveness.

Oh! little golden cups and buds! Rocked by the summer wind, cherished by the evening dew, fed by the balmy air, is there not something more than art, though set in costly silver, coming of thy fresh, pure, vernal loveliness, oh simple little graceful flowers?

At the foot of the stone steps he met an aged woman coming towards them with a tea-kettle. It was some kind neighbor who had been boiling it for Mrs. Carden's tea. He stayed her, and said he had been up the steps, but found that the old lady had a visitor.

"Yes, sir," replied the woman, "the good old missis sprained her leg on Friday, and badly too. So that kind friends—for she has many—are dropping in to see her. The young lady that is with her now is the sister of a blue-coat boy. For ay, sir, she takes wonderfully to some boys in that dress, specially if they be orphans; for ye see, sir, her only little grandson was a blue-coat, and a wonderful child at drawing and such things; ay, sir, and it was a sorrowful thing that he died; for the great silversmiths in Hatton Garden were as good as parents to him.

The tears gathered in Grinling's eyes, for the death of this lad had been one of the saddest episodes in his life. So he hastily concluded the conversation, and giving her a trifle, told her of the letter for Mrs. Carden, and that friends would expect her in Hatton Garden as soon as she was better.

Guessing by this who it was that had addressed her, the old woman hastened up the steps to tell Mrs. Carden of the visitor and the letter. And the old lady, finding by the handwriting and the contents of the letter who had thus been so thoughtful of her poverty and sorrow, confided to Lucy as soon as they were alone, all the touching history of her dead grandson and the Gibbons—a little history of such charity, and goodness, and high deeds, amidst the commonplaces of life and the temptations of wealth, as to set that Hatton Garden home, in the tenderness of the mother, the duty of the gifted son, the worldly yet good-natured humor of the old father, like a picture before the listening girl. This led her to speak of her own needs. For people like these she would work worthily; and before those little outstretched gloves were on, or the little bonnet covered her shining hair, the good soul knew all about the Buttercup Spoon, and had promised, as soon as she possibly could, and the drawing was ready, she would go with it to Hatton Garden—the bearer of the design, but the keeper of its secret!



## CHAPTER III.

To the shadows of Hainault Forest that evening? Oh, no! But from Bucklersbury to Charter House Square, and round it many times; then back to Bucklersbury; from thence somewhere else, then back again; and this so often to and fro, till at length the evening fading into night, and the well and the ivy, and the plot of grass, and the quaint flights of stairs, all mingled in one common shadow, divers old ladies, piously meditating at their casements' ledge, were glad when the porter closed the courtway gate, for so often had some stranger flitted to and fro, as to make them suspect the intention of a burglarious descent upon their few relics of long past prosperity and years. Poor ancient souls! be well content, no harm will come! For though you know it not, the Law of Life is about you and around you; and your old courtway, with its stillness and its dust of centuries, can be no more exempt from the consecrating presence of the purer human passions, than Chapside or the Strand, where every inch of wall, of pavement, and of window has been or is a shrine to some poor human heart! Though why or wherefore may have passed, as shadows pass into those great Silences that gather up into themselves the good and evil of our mortal lives!

On the Friday of that same week, at four o'clock precisely in the afternoon, an omnibus from the city paused before Hatton Garden. From it briskly descended a lean old woman with a big umbrella, and from it one older and much slower of foot. When she reached the pavement, a matter of difficulty and time, she went on, with the assistance of her lean friend and the big umbrella, into Hatton Garden, and so by painful degrees to the house of Gibbons and Son, manufacturing silversmiths. Good Prissy answered the door, for it was at the private door the lean woman knocked.

"Why bless me," she said, lifting up the stocking she was darning as she spoke, "is it you, Mrs. Carden? I'm very glad to see you, ma'am" (good Prissy did not forget that a gentlewoman stood before her), "but missis, I'm sorry to say, is out—she went to Margate yesterday, and will not be back till to-morrow evening."

"I thought it possible she would be out," was Mrs. Carden's reply; "for when she was so good as to call upon me on Monday, she told me of her intention, her son wishing it, of going to the sea-side for a day or two; but I want to see Mr. Grinling—I have a little business with him."

"I scarcely know if you can," was the answer, "young master is so busy. The counting-house is like a fair, with not only our people," added Prissy, with emphasis, "but with those nasty for'ren'ners that wear beards, ma'am, down to their very waists. Oh! I wish I could give each of 'em a razor, with instructions how to shave. But walk in, ma'am—I'll step up to the young master's room and see." So saying, she ushered Mrs. Carden into the pleasant parlor already described, whilst the lean woman and the umbrella were consigned to the kitchen of Prissy's young coadjutor.

After some parley—for it was not customary

to admit womankind into the warerooms—the old servant was permitted to speak to her young master. He was engaged with several strangers in the little studio or counting-house already mentioned, and turning his face round as Prissy stepped within the door, spoke hastily, like one oppressed with multifarious business.

"I really cannot, Prissy, see any one—let them tell you their business."

"But it's Mrs. Carden, sir," pleaded Prissy; "she wants to see you a minute on business."

As Prissy said months after, "you might have lighted a candle by young master's face, and then as suddenly put it out again by its shadow, it turned so red, and then so deadly pale."

"Well, well," he said, as he removed a wine glass holding water, and a sprig of something in it, across the table as though into shadow, and came hurriedly towards the door, "make her some good tea, and entertain her, Prissy—I will be down as soon as possible."

He must indeed have dismissed the strangers very speedily, or deferred their business till another day, for before Prissy had sweetened Mrs. Carden's second cup of fine Pekoe, or entered very far into the mysteries of a confidential chat, her young master came in. When he did so, she respectfully withdrew. The declining sun was at this time shedding its full glory into the pleasant parlor, and so fell fully upon the bending figure of the old woman, both as she sat, and as, an instant after, she strove to rise; but Grinling telling her to keep her seat, sat down near her. Hurriedly apologizing for intruding, Mrs. Carden proceeded at once to let the object of her visit explain itself, by diving her trembling hand into a capacious pocket, and producing from thence a very square parcel, folded flatly in a thick silk handkerchief. This undone, there appeared another handkerchief, of finest cambric, smelling strongly of ancient rose-leaves and long-plucked lavender. This, too, undone, there was a delicate wrapper of paper; and then she held towards him, down low in the rich flooding stream of sunlight, so that he might behold it clearly and at once, a little drawing, its own explicative of the design for a spoon—a floral spoon—the stalk the handle; the flowers the garniture; a broad and flowing leaf, the bowl.

Yes! show the hand of genius, little cups and buds! Rocked by the summer wind, cherished by the evening dew, fed by the balmy air, your simple, graceful, natural loveliness is here made richly to adorn a common, useful thing for daily life! Beauty, and Truth, and Science, all in one! Oh! simple, little, touching, lovely flowers!

He looked at it an instant, then rising hastily, went towards the window. He stood there so long and so immovably, that at length his visitor began to think that he was either offended with her for her intrusion, or that the design was unsuited to his purpose.

"I fear, sir," she said at length, "that I have come at an ill time, and that—"

He came slowly towards her, even whilst she was speaking, and his face was very pale and earnest, even more so than usual.

"So far from intruding, dear dame," he said,

"you have done a real service in bringing us this most appropriate and lovely design—for very lovely it is, and very original—no common hand did it, I am certain." And he looked at her as though he asked a question.

"The only thing, sir," Mrs. Carden said reverently. "I must not say is, who did it. I promised faithfully I would not; but it is some one who would be glad of a little more work of the sort, for—"

"A female hand did this," he remarked, as though again questioning her; "and some one new to the work of metallurgic design."

"I really may not say, sir. If, however, you would accept other sketches, and—"

"Of course, of course," he said, impatiently interrupting her, as though he did not wish her for a moment to suspect but what he would willingly and nobly remunerate such a genuine artist, "such work is worthy of reward. I assure you this design is of the utmost value to us, as in this point we have hitherto had fears of failing in the coming Exhibition; and this, too, in the great staple of our manufacture. I should give five guineas to an ordinary artist for an accepted design; take five for this on account—and as soon as our modeller has been able to judge of its working; detail, further remuneration shall be forwarded. I must not even guess the value of such a genuine piece of work, lest I should do injustice."

As he spoke thus, he took five sovereigns and five shillings from his pocket, and laid them upon the table before the astonished dame. Lucy had told her to ask a guinea, but here were five. She could hardly speak for astonishment; her hand trembled; large tears dimmed her eyes; good soul, she would not have been more rejoiced if the gold had been her own!

He saw at once that she was deeply moved, and this confirmed his suspicions as to who was the artist. Indeed, almost to a certainty, he knew; for here were the very buttercups, and buds, and leaves, his mother had spoken of, as hanging in such graceful, golden brightness in the glorious setting of the sun. He knew it all, and would have fain known more. But just as he was about to speak of his visit of the previous Sunday—a matter Mrs. Carden had already briefly alluded to, in thanking him for his kindly gift—he was called away, though not till he had solicited further designs, particularly for spoons, from the hand of the unknown artist; and begged that Mrs. Carden would ride home in a cab, which one of the porters should fetch when she was ready. But for a full hour after his departure, the tea lasted, and with it the confidential chat between herself and the good old servant.

That night Mr. Gibbons ate his supper, smoked his pipe, and read his newspaper, without other company than the dogs and pretty purring Sweep; whilst Grinling, curtained in his little glass room, worked on and on, till far into the night; for not only was there large necessity for his doing so, but he preferred being alone. The design of the buttercup spoon was reared up before him; and as he thus worked on through the silence of the hours, he felt as

though his own genius gathered a new purpose and a new inspiration by the presence of those little drooping cups and buds, once beautiful in nature, once golden in the sun—yet not less beautiful in homely touching art.

On the morrow evening, he went to Blackwall to meet his mother on her return from Margate. It was growing dusk as he led her along the platform to the railway carriage, but the lamps shone brightly round. Placing her in safety, he returned to find a porter, who bore a box and hamper she had brought with her, when he was arrested by seeing pass by, and mingle with the crowd, a Blue-coat boy, carrying a small Isle of Skye terrier on one arm, whilst his other hand was grasped by some one wearing a white bonnet. For the instant he saw the sweet face beneath, and knew it again—it was the same that had been bent over the Holy Book beside the widow's chair. But all was lost to him before he could make his way into the crowd; and when he looked and found his search useless, the train, to his dismay, sped on, and he had to wait till another was ready. But the brief delay was filled with busy thoughts; he had seen that pure young earnest face again; and he who had hitherto been proof against all extraneous influences beyond the threshold of his simple home, and all love but that of a deep enthusiasm for art, now admired—nay loved—with a depth and fervency not common to men. When his good mother, waiting for him at the Fenchurch-street Station, saw him look pale and anxious, the good simple soul attributed it to over work; and prayed a little prayer of thankfulness within her heart that the morrow was the Sabbath, and he would rest.

From this date a quiet month went by, busied by no incident touching these matters, except by the arrival through an unknown hand, and addressed to Grinling, of the design for another spoon. It was very beautiful—but nothing such a masterpiece as the one foregone.

It was on a Saturday morning, about ten o'clock, that the good son came from the counting house into the parlor, where his tender mother sat busy at her needle-work. She was instantly struck by his earnest manner and his earnest voice, so much so as to show alarm in her face.

"Do not be frightened," he said in that voice that for near thirty years had been never heard by her ear but it had increased the beating of her heart, "what I have to say to you and show you is no matter for alarm. But we must at least be undisturbed, for I have something to say to you in confidence."

"Of that I cannot be sure," she answered, "for —, the bullion-dealer, is with your father, and they may step down for lunch. But come up with me into my little dressing-room. There no one will interrupt us."

Wonderingly, for she was quick to see that some matter of deep interest moved her son, she led the way up-stairs into a quaint little room, richly stored with a fine cabinet, and other things, and looking down by a sort of oriel into the pleasant ivied court so often mentioned. When in, she closed the door, and going to her

son's side within the window, waited for him to speak. But instead of this, he put his arm within her own, as was his old custom, and taking from the side-pocket of his loose coat a morocco case, he touched a spring, and opening it, showed her within, fashioned in burnished silver, THE BUTTERCUP SPOON. It is impossible to describe her speechless wonder, or her questioning looks; but he proceeded to tell her, and that hastily, as though afraid of the interruption of her interrogatories, a matter for longer wonder: making her sit down beside him on the quaint window-seat, he half avowed, yet with an earnest guilelessness worthy of his thoroughly honorable heart, all the little history of his admiration, and of the design.

"And now, dear mother," he said when it was ended, "you must help me in this matter or else I do not see my way clear. You must not think me weak or failing in manhood that I thus confide, for it is because of the very depth and purity of my love that I tell you this, who through life have walked with such a holy woman's feet. And who can guide me so aright as you, who rocked my cradle; as you, who made my manhood what it is? It is you who must try and learn from Mrs. Carden this secret she hides, for to me she will say nothing."

"My Grinling," sobbed the dear and faltering mother, "my son, my darling son, you give me joy and comfort beyond expression; doubly so, as linked with the little mystery of the spoon. For some past years, it has been an exceeding grief to both your father and myself, to find that you had no thought and no inclination for marriage, and seemed dead to all attraction beyond the narrow bounds of our home. It has been a grief, because we longed to have small feet pattering round our hearth, and baby-voices lisp our name. It has been a large grief, because, in case of our decease, you, with your single-mindedness, would be easy prey to the false and the designing, if only for the sake of your large wealth. You must forgive my saying this, dear child. But now all may be changed. Now I may rock upon my breast a new generation of our name, with the same love as I rocked you. Oh! pray this be! pray that this little creature be your wife, that my heart yearned to with a feeling I cannot describe; for if it be, I shall say that God's hand was with us, when he led me to see those flowers, so golden in the sun."

Even as she had been speaking these latter words, she had risen and gone towards her ancient cabinet; and now unlocking a very tempting-looking drawer, beckoned her son to come to her side. He did so, and was moved by what he saw, through the unfolding thereby of the secret of a longing mother's heart. It was filled with all sorts of such things as women prize and save. Exquisite old lace, old filmy cambric, beautiful embroidery in India muslin, brocade silk, jewels and amethysts in quaint old rings and brooches, carved fans and tiny ivory boxes, baby's caps and frocks, yellow with long disuse; and countless other things, such as old ladies treasure up and save for beloved daughters. This drawer was no exception to the rule, for here for years the trim little gentle-

woman had stored away endless valuables, so precious in her own estimation—whatever they might prove to others—as to make her call it in her secret heart, "*my daughter's drawer*," and therefore one that had beheld many silent tears, whenever her son's indifference to wedlock had shown itself more than usually marked and decisive. Now, she confessed this; and Grinling could but smile at her quaint oddity in storing things in which he could see no value, except it were the proof they gave of the sterling worth and beauty of her love for him, and those he might call his. If ever they had been friends before, they were in a double sense so now; and mother and son, in this their mutual confession of new hopes on the one side, and old desires on the other, stood bound together in the holiest bondage of filial and maternal love.

The result of a long and confidential conversation was, that early in the afternoon little Mrs. Gibbons arrived at the quaint court in Bucklersbury, just at that hour in an unusual state of stir and commotion; for divers of the twelve flights of steps were being cleaned, and the old porter was sweeping the walks round the strip of grass-plot and the well. But the earlier housewifery of Mrs. Carden enabled her to welcome her honored guest in the neatest of chambers, where she herself sat making divers little tartlets, and savoury pies in pattypans, for, as she confessed, certain small schoolboys that wore "yellows," and had no mothers to think of them. But though, as usual, she was humble and thankful, and visibly gratified by Mrs. Gibbons's visit, nothing would induce her to betray from whom she had the design of the Buttercup Spoon. "It was a secret that had been intrusted to her keeping, and till leave was given she might not tell what she knew." Though thus impenetrable, she mentioned inadvertently Miss Moggs's name, and this in a way that led Mrs. Gibbons directly to suspect that through this means she should discern what Mrs. Carden kept so resolutely concealed. Without, however, hinting at the clue thus gained, she, after a pleasant chat with the good old lady, took her leave, and entering a cab was driven to St. Paul's Church-yard. From constantly dealing at the great shop of Bowyer Brothers; Mrs. Gibbons had a slight personal knowledge of Miss Moggs; so going forward to what was called her "department," she had the good fortune to find this kind creature half buried amidst a pile of costly foreign lace, that was being sorted and put in boxes for retail use. Glad of such an opportunity of addressing her, little Mrs. Gibbons at once entered upon an examination of the lace, bought a few yards to add to the treasures of the drawer, and then in a whisper, and after some apologies, questioned Miss Moggs as to the name of Mrs. Carden's visitor.

It is on account of the design for that exquisite spoon, is it not, ma'am?" asked Miss Moggs, with a great show of pride, and in the lowest possible whisper. "If it is, I can tell you all about it, and very gladly too, for I can see no reason for mystery or secrecy in the case. Please walk this way, ma'am;" and Miss Moggs, delivering

over her costly charge to a confidential assistant, led the way through a side-door, and up a wide staircase, with the air of one who had something very pleasant to impart, and who meant, like a genuine painter, to add to it some sweet touches of her own.

"My dear madam," said the good creature, before she had scarcely closed the door of the room into which she ushered the little trim gentlewoman, and I am most certain before the good gentlewoman herself had sat down, "the artist of that design is one of the most genuine and best of human creatures God ever fashioned—the noblest little woman I know; and," continued Miss Moggs, increasing in her enthusiasm, "an undoubted lady in the bargain. And I may be said to be a judge, Mrs. Gibbons, who now, for eight-and-twenty years have lived daily amongst strangers." As she spoke thus, Miss Moggs took a chair, and drew it up to that of Mrs. Gibbons.

"And her name?" asked Mrs. Gibbons, quite as impatient to hear as Miss Moggs was to narrate.

"Miss Bassett. Lucy Bassett; and she has now been for three years daily governess to Mr. Bowyer's daughters."

"And she has a brother, a young brother?" asked Mrs. Gibbons tremulously, for she feared lest this link in her chain of hopes might be broken.

"Yes, ma'am, a boy of about twelve—a Blue-coat boy. And hence it is, ma'am, to this child, as sister, mother, friend, her acts are so pure and lovely. All her earnest labor with her pencil is for his sake; so that when his term at school is over, she may have the means for his further advance, let it be in what direction it may. Every shilling she has received for the design of the spoon is laid by like precious jewels, for him, and him alone!"

The tears welled up from the heart of the dear mother. She would not restrain them, she did not attempt to conceal them; she buried her face in her upraised hands; and but with one desire—apart from all selfishness, even the selfishness of her maternal hopes—that they were even at that moment twined round this dear young creature, even for Christ's sake, even for her sex's sake, even for that mercy's sake, that, like a boundless ocean, flows, ebbs, and flows through the universal heart of man!

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

#### THE WAR AND GERMANY.

The two following articles are copied from *The Times* 16 Nov.

There is a great simplicity in the struggle between the Russians and the allies. It is purely a question of supply. Everything else appears to be known, proved, indisputable, and capable of the exactest appreciation. We may safely assume that the allies will hold their ground in the peninsula they have occupied as long as they can muster even one division of their armies; that they will stand any amount of charges as long as they can form a line two deep; that they will turn out night and day, and take their turns at the trenches, as long as the blood flows in their veins; that as long as it will answer any purpose of offence or defence they will continue to batter the walls and earthworks before them; and that whenever they have a fair chance they will rush to the assault of the city. They surpass the enemy in courage, in stubbornness, and in skill, and are not inferior even in hardihood; otherwise they would not have triumphed on every occasion, whether acting on the offensive or on the defensive. On the part of the Russians it may equally be assumed that they will attempt to waste and weary out the allies by incessant attacks, by sorties, by diversions, by surprises; that they will not spare their men, and that their men will do their duty quite as well as Russians have usually done it before. As to the question of skill and strategy, it would be very unjust to the allies to doubt their equality, for if they have made mistakes so also have the enemy, and if we

have occasionally lost more men than we ought to have done, still we have uniformly been conquerors. When all these elements of the question are thus known, and, so to speak, fixed quantities in the calculation, there only remains one element undetermined, and that is the numbers of men and the quantities of material we can severally bring to the point of collision. That point seems almost intended by Nature for some such mighty struggle. It is, towards the Mediterranean, that is virtually to the whole world, the most southern and most accessible point of the great Russian empire. It is the salient angle of a whole continent, occupied by serfs and nomadic tribes, under an Asiatic despotism. But it is washed and almost surrounded by a sea which belongs to the great ocean that surrounds the whole world. From the coast of Cape Cherson you may walk on to Siberia; once on the water before it, you may sail to every shore, ocean, bay, or navigable stream. The Russians are masters of the continent,—we of the sea; and the only question is, which can bring up supplies to the battle field the quickest—the Russians, with their continent, or we with the sea.

If anybody doubts this view of the question, or thinks it inapplicable, he has only to consider the successive news flashing across the continent almost day after day. It is true we are only hearing, as it were, the boom of the distant guns, and are still left in suspense as to the real character and exact results of the fearful conflicts on the 5th, and again, as it now appears, on the 11th. In both cases we are told that the loss of the Russians was very



great, and that ours was only less; while it is thought a matter of congratulation that the allies remained masters of the field. We may suppose,—and it is neither an improbable nor an agreeable supposition—that the loss of the two sides was in much the same ratio as at the Battle of the Alma,—that is, two to one in our favor. At this rate, in about a week we should lose five thousand to ten thousand of the enemy, and in two months' time should achieve the destruction of 80,000 Russians, at the cost of the whole allied army. There is nothing at all out of the way in his calculation, when it is considered that we have to throw into our losses the constant drain by sickness. As a matter of fact this is, and always has been, the Russian mode of warfare. That Power, *mançipia locuples, egens æris*, always has been lavish of life, and ready to pay two of its own for one of the foe. The artillerymen who turned their guns on the *mêlée* of British and Russian cavalry on the 25th acted on the customary calculation that a Russian Dragoon counted for nothing when there was an opportunity of destroying a British one. Whenever, then, the enemy can attack us with a reasonable hope of losing only two to our one, we may depend upon it that he will, and that the Emperor will hail it as a victory over us. He will not grudge two Borodinos to destroy the two invading armies. When such is the calculation evidently acted upon, and the result answers to it, what is it but a question of supply? All things considered, we really cannot expect to continue always killing and wounding two Russians to our one; at least we cannot hope to do more than this; we may do less. But, at all events, if the contest goes on at its present rate, our forces now in the Crimea will be destroyed somewhere about New Year's day, and we shall have the doubtful satisfaction of knowing that the Russians have lost twice as many, but are at last "masters of the field."

This would be a very gloomy prospect, and we should feel much as we did when we heard of the rising at Cabul, but for the all-important circumstance mentioned above—viz., that if the Russians are masters of the continent, we are of the sea. In fact, we are, to all practical purposes, nearer the seat of war than the Russians, as we can get up our supplies to it in less time from any barracks in these islands, than the Russians can even from Odessa. From the southern coast of France and from Algeria, the distance is much less, still; and, with the aid of the vast steamers at our command, in spite of the bad weather that may now be expected, we can get any quantity of men and material up to the war, faster than the drain we have reckoned on. If we do this we entertain no doubt of the result,

for the enemy are in want, not only of men—coming up very slowly, and brought into action before they have recovered from the fatigue of a rapid march—but even of food, and still more of ammunition. They must bring everything overland, and when we find the seven miles from Balaklava to the batteries, no small part of our labor, we may be sure the Russians find it no easy work to transport heavy material for several hundred miles. The 'fruitless sea,' as Homer calls it, is not so barren as land, when it comes to supply war. We may do just what we please; we might put every regiment in the service on the shores of the Crimea, by the 16th of next month, with every needful supply. We might arrange with France for any portion of her large army, and land it at Cape Cherson by Christmas, at the latest. We may, if we please. Is it, then, our pleasure to do so, or, short of this, whatever is necessary to supply the constant drain? That is what we have to ask ourselves, and what every body is mentally asking of the War Minister. Is he meeting this drain? Is he keeping up the British army at the very low standard, which, from the first, was thought only just sufficient for the enterprise? Reinforcements have probably arrived by this time, and more are on their way. The Sinai brings news of about 5,000 new French troops that would doubtless be in time for the battle on the 11th. We are now sending out, they say, near seven thousand, and are assisting the French with steamers and provisions for the conveyance of their troops. They are at work, it is said, night and day in the Tower, sending out clothing and other material. But the question, to be kept steadily in view, is simply this—Are we sending out supplies adequate to the drain that we know to be going on? If we are, nobody need be under any apprehension that the allies will, at least, stand their ground, in the very excellent position they now occupy. If we are not—if we are allowing them to be drained, at the rate of about a thousand a day, by a succession of costly victories, then we are throwing away all the unparalleled exertions of this year, and no small part of the national *prestige*, for no purpose that we can divine, unless it be to save a little labor in letter-writing and accounts, or the balance in the Exchequer.

The jealous and exclusive policy of the Emperor of RUSSIA has so far been crowned with success that our great enterprise, the invasion of the Crimea, has been rendered necessarily a leap in the dark. We did not and could not know without actual experience what the strength of the place we went to besiege was, what the facility of communication with the rest of Russia, or what the force available for



the defence of this great outwork of the empire. During the last two months we have, unhappily, gained only too much information on all these points. We now know that in their own country the Russians display a spirit and a conduct very different from that which they have evinced in the invasion of neighboring provinces, that their army is well armed and disciplined, and capable, if not of the higher and more brilliant merits of the soldier, of a dogged and steady perseverance. We have not yet certainly seen much of that "moral ascendancy" which Prince MENSCHIKOFF claims for his soldiers over the troops of the allies; but we must admit that every kind of government, together with its attendant evils, has also its appropriate advantages, and that if the paternal rule of the CZAR renders the Russian soldiers spiritless, inanimate, and utterly devoid of self-reliance and individual energy, it endows him with patience, obedience, and docility, which render him a useful and unrepining instrument in the hands of his leaders. Thus much we have already learnt from the Crimean campaign of our enemy and his resources. We had also to learn somewhat of ourselves. We had to ascertain whether the present generation of Englishmen possessed those soldierly qualities which certainly distinguished our fathers, or whether, enfeebled by a long peace, and seduced from its legitimate duties by the brilliant rewards which so many commercial speculations open to talent and energy, our army had lost that peculiar character which, under the great Duke of WELLINGTON, raised it to the summit of efficiency and renown. We believe that never have English soldiers fought more bravely, and never has the scientific arm of the service shown itself more thoroughly efficient, as certainly never has it been exposed to a heavier and more searching trial. Had our siege works been such as are ordinarily constructed, they could never have endured the tremendous ordeal to which they were exposed from a battery of unexampled power during the time that our allies were occupied in repairing the injury done to their works in the first few hours of the cannonade. Colonel ALEXANDER, to whom we owe this inestimable service, has fallen a victim to his indefatigable exertions, and we trust that among the many names which the present war will hand down to the admiration of posterity, that of this most meritorious officer will not be forgotten. Let those who maintain that in this utilitarian age the soldier only fights for his pay, and that a more enlightened philosophy has supplanted that love of country and zeal for the honor of the service which incited our ancestors to deeds of more than martial heroism, consider what a career was open to this excellent engineer, had he chosen to devote his talents to

the service of private enterprise instead of to the inestimable benefit of his country. A man who was able to construct the siege works before Sebastopol out of the materials and with the laborers which the nature of the case afforded him might have now been reposing in luxury and affluence in one of the best houses in the most aristocratic quarter of London, instead of meeting a premature death in his lonely tent on the hills of the Crimea.

Of our gallant allies the French we have also learnt something—not of their courage and military ardor, for that we knew how to appreciate before, but of their truth, their kindness, and their disposition—a disposition which pervades the whole service, to carry out with the utmost fullness and sincerity the happy alliance now subsisting between the two nations.

But, if we have learnt much in this brief period of our allies, our antagonists, and ourselves, we have also been furnished with some light as to the feelings and dispositions of the remaining Powers of Europe. So long as peace endured, the policy of England and France was able to command respect and adhesion in the Courts of Austria and Prussia; so long as the contest was one of Notes and Protocols the right and justice of our cause secured the signatures of their plenipotentiaries and the unequivocal support of their Governments; but the moment we drew the sword the case was sensibly altered. The speculative German mind is only too well accustomed to distinguish between the practical and theoretical, between the understanding and the will. The understanding of Austria and Prussia admitted, as well it might, that in setting limits to the aggression of Russia, England and France were virtually preventing the encroachment of the Slavonic upon the German race. Prussia could feel that without the support of the Western Powers she depended entirely on the sufferance of her mighty neighbor, and Austria could admit that Russia, possessed of Turkey, and therefore mistress of the Danube, the Hellespont, and the Adriatic, and able at any moment to inundate with her armies the plains of Galicia and Moravia, would really hold in her hand the very existence of the Austrian empire. The rest of Germany could not doubt that, without the protection of these two barrier States, its petty kingdoms and principalities would stand in the same relation to the Russian empire as our protected Nawabs and Rajahs do to the government of the East India Company; yet Germany stands by, lethargic and inactive, while the conflict on which her liberty or slavery, her political annihilation or redemption, her future career, as a focus of human thought and a land of culture, learning, and refinement, depend, is fought out by other

hands! History has no more humiliating spectacle,—satire no fitter subject of invective. From the far shores of the Western Ocean England and France come forth to do battle more for the rights of Eastern Europe than for their own; and the nations whose existence is the real stake of the tremendous game stand by with listless apathy, and think they have done much if they duly congratulate us on our victories, and forbear from lending moral or material support to a Power that will find the prize of victory not in our, but in their, destruction.

Clouds and darkness cover for the moment the result of this tremendous conflict. Reinforcements have been withheld far too long from our troops and dealt out in too scanty a measure. We are pressed by heavy odds;—the approach of winter threatens us with a new enemy, and the inaction of the Turks, for whom we are doing and suffering so much, together with the freezing of the Baltic, leaves the Russians free to concentrate upon us the military forces of an enormous empire. We are fighting the battle of Europe, and Europe stands by to view with listless curiosity the unequal combat. But our courage is not subdued, nor our spirit broken. We have already, by the destruction of the Russian fleet, and of a large portion of the fortress of Sebastopol, effected a considerable portion of our mission. Our troops, if reduced in number, are thoroughly winnowed from all that is weak or ineffective among them, and will yet, we have every reason to trust, accomplish what remains to be done towards destroying that stronghold which Russia has prepared for so many years as a menace to Europe and Asia, as a means of destroying Turkey, commanding the commerce of Germany, and opening a much-desired way for her Northern swarms to the sunny coasts of the Mediterranean.

#### DISAPPOINTED BY AUSTRIA.

[From the Times of Nov. 10, we copy an article which exhibits vexation at the disappointment of an unreasonable expectation. — If the Austrian *people* had been relied upon, the result might have been different. And so would have been the feeling in America. We might even have forgiven England and France their sufferance of the Russian Intervention in Hungary.]

WE suspect there are very few of our readers who have temper, patience, or leisure to trace, through all their entanglements and crossings, the threads that form the endless meshes of German statecraft and diplomacy.

It was the pleasure of those who settled the affairs of Europe, after the close of the late war, to create in Germany a Power impotent, as they believed, for aggressive purposes, but sufficiently powerful for the purposes of self-defence. Germany was intended to be an immense mass impassible to all external force — a lake, whose surface every breeze could ruffle, but whose waters would immediately resume their original stillness. For this purpose Germany has been furnished with a hierarchy of powers as carefully and absurdly graduated as the endless ranks of her nobility, — two in the first rank, three or four in a subordinate one, and others, each more insignificant than the other, till we reach the very smallest dimensions consistent with the existence of a Court and the puniest semblance of royalty. This ingenious plan has, in one respect, been perfectly successful. The great German nation, with its literature, its refinement, and its valor, has been found quite free from any aggressive impulses. The misfortune is, that with the power of aggression that of self-defence has also disappeared. The machine of the German empire is so contrived as to give every member of the Confederation a separate and individual interest, sometimes really, and often ostensibly, opposed to that of the whole body. Austria and Prussia have been engaged in an interminable conflict, the object of which is, not the welfare of Germany, but the obtaining the first place in her councils; and to this have been relentlessly sacrificed all considerations of German honor and independence. We have often seen the two rival Governments suing in emulous servility for the good graces of the Autocrat of Russia, and ready to sacrifice the interests which as Germans they hold in common, to the desire of fortifying themselves by the patronage of so great an ally. The smaller Governments of Germany are engaged, one and all, in the mere struggle for existence. Having no substantive power to support them, feeling themselves the mere creatures of tradition, invention, or caprice, these petty Courts seek, above all things, to avoid being crushed in the collision of larger States; and, by flinging their weight now into one scale, now into the other, seek to preserve the duality of Austria and Prussia, on which alone their frail existence depends. If we add that, beneath the ground on which these phantom princes strut and fret their little hour, there is a mass of fermenting and festering disaffection, ready to explode at the moment when least expected, we have said enough to show how it is that, in the crisis of the destinies of Europe, when Germany is threatened by the aggression of Russia along the whole of her flat and defenceless eastern frontier, her arm is palsied, her heart is faint, and her councils divided and irresolute. Her greatest river is

closed at its mouth, first by wilful negligence, and then by armed violence; the very artery through which her life-blood flows is choked up; yet, while England and France cheerfully encounter war for the sake of European interests, Germany cannot even rise to the level of a German question; and, if the Western Powers had not drawn the sword, seemed likely to have surrendered the Danube without a blow, and almost without a remonstrance. Let any one watch the course of Austria during the last year. United with us in every diplomatic step which we have taken, she has still carefully avoided entangling herself with our alliance, or incurring a breach with that Power against whom we are at this very moment fighting her battle, even more than our own. At first the excuse was, that while we were remote from, she was near to the Russian frontier, and that it was unreasonable to expect her to move till reassured by our presence. At last we came in such force and with such preparations as made this excuse no longer tenable; but Austria moved not a whit the more. The Congress of Bamberg was in the Russian interest, and Austria dared not move without the consent of the Congress of Bamberg. Meanwhile success began to declare itself in favor of the allies, and the tide of Russian invasion was rolled back from the walls of Silistria. Then Austria made an advance, but in a direction obviously dictated by other considerations than those of European or even German policy. The Principalities became untenable by Russia, and Austria was willing to hold them for Turkey. Russia rejected her *ultimatum*, but Austria shrank from enforcing that *ultimatum* by a recourse to arms.

Such is pretty nearly the position she occupies at this moment. The duties thrown on her by that position are manifest enough. She is bound by good faith to hold these provinces — as a friend of Turkey — as a sacred deposit, to be returned when Turkey shall be in a condition to demand it, inviolate as she received it. All accounts agree in stating that Austria has not faithfully discharged this duty. From her first entrance into the Danubian provinces up to the present moment, Austria has treated the Turks and the provincials with an overbearing insolence, which seems to announce that she comes, not as a friend, but as a master — not as an ally, but as a sovereign. After her own fashion, she seeks to establish herself in a province she has not conquered as an enemy, after having obtained entrance into it as a friend, and practises on the banks of the Danube the same obtuse and unrelenting despotism as saddens the plains of Lombardy or the marshes of Venice. The cuckoo has obtained admission into the nest, and lords it there with all the confidence of the rightful owner. Thus is Austria fulfilling the duty she

has undertaken towards Turkey, thus vindicating the position she has assumed towards Russia. What is her present gratitude towards England and France? Having joined with us in all our negotiations and remonstrances, Austria was to a common apprehension bound to join us also in the means we have taken to enforce them; but, if unable or unwilling to vindicate by her arms the conclusions of her diplomacy, she was at least bound by every feeling of honor and justice to act with the utmost good faith and friendliness towards Powers with whom she had gone so far, and from whom she had so unaccountably separated herself. How far this reasonable expectation has been verified we learn from a recent letter of our Constantinople correspondent. We are engaged in besieging an enormous fortress, defended by an army probably more numerous than our own, fighting on its own ground, and possessing unbounded supplies of the munitions of war. Above all things, it was considered desirable that this disparity should not be increased by the presence of further Russian reinforcements. With that view, the Turks contemplated a diversion in Bessarabia, which would at once have obliged the Russians to concentrate their troops in that quarter, and thus cut off the last hope of relief from the army of the Crimea. It is said that this movement has been prevented by Austria, afraid that, were the Turks to invade Russia from the Danubian provinces, the EMPEROR might treat such a proceeding as an act of hostility. Surely, this is something less than neutrality. The Turks are at war with Russia, Austria has solemnly pronounced their quarrel just, and yet she interposes to prevent their making strategical movements considered necessary for their own safety, and for that of the army of those very Powers with whose views Austria has professed entire concurrence, and in the success of whose arms she has affected to rejoice! The Austrian occupation of the Principalities is at this moment used as a means of hostility to the allied Powers, and of facilitating the enterprises of Russia. If we had known that the Turks were not to be allowed to make a diversion in our favor on the banks of the Pruth, that Austria had dispensed them from the necessity of defending their own country, and forbidden them from invading that of their enemy, we might have found occupation for OMAR PASHA and his gallant army either in the steppes of the Crimea or the mountains of Armenia. Austria has indeed occupied the Principalities, but has neutralized a force almost equal to her own. She has joined us in protocols, but deserted us in action. She has entered on the Danube as our friend, and remains there to insult our allies, and counteract our strategical combinations. But all this crooked policy will avail her little. Austria

may yet find that it is easier to alienate a friend than to conciliate an enemy, and that while her recent interference has lost her much with the allies, with Russia it has gained her nothing.

### ONLY WAITING.

A very aged man, in an almshouse, was asked what he was doing now. He replied: "Only waiting."

Only waiting till the shadows  
Are a little longer grown;  
Only waiting till the glimmer  
Of the day's last beam is flown;  
Till the night of earth is faded  
From the heart, once full of day;  
Till the stars of heaven are breaking  
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers  
Have the last sheaf gathered home;  
For the summer time is faded,  
And the autumn winds have come.  
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly  
The last ripe hours of my heart;  
For the bloom of life is withered,  
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels  
Open wide the mystic gate,  
At whose feet I long have lingered,  
Weary, poor, and desolate.  
Even now I hear the footsteps,  
And their voices far away;  
If they call me, I am waiting,  
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows  
Are a little longer grown;  
Only waiting till the glimmer  
Of the day's last beam is flown.  
Then from out the gathering darkness  
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,  
By whose light my soul shall gladly  
Tread its pathway to the skies.

**THE SOURCE OF THE GANGES.**—The glacier, thickly studded with enormous loose rocks and earth, is about a mile in width, and extends many miles towards an immense mountain covered with perpetual snow down to its base, and its glittering summit piercing the very skies, rising 21,000 feet above the level of the sea. The chasm in the glacier through which the sacred stream rushes forth to the light of day is named the Cow's Mouth, and is held in the deepest reverence by all Hindoos; and the regions of eternal frost in its vicinity are the scenes of many of their most sacred mysteries. The Ganges enters the world no puny stream, but bursts forth from its icy womb a river thirty or forty yards in breadth, of great depth, and very rapid. Extensive as my travels from this day have been through these beautiful mountains, and amidst all the splendid scenery I have looked on, I can recall none so strikingly magnificent as the glacier of the Ganges. — *Markham's Shooting in the Himalayas.*

### SONNETS ON PRAYER.

#### I.

LORD, what a change within us one short hour  
Spent in thy presence will avail to make!  
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take!  
What parched grounds refresh, as with a shower!  
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;  
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,  
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear:  
We kneel, how weak! we rise, how full of power!  
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this  
wrong,  
Or others—that we are not always strong—  
That we are ever overborne with care—  
That we should ever weak or heartless be,  
Anxious or troubled—when with us is prayer,  
And joy, and strength, and courage are with  
THEE?

#### II.

When hearts are full of yearning tenderness  
For the loved absent, whom we cannot reach,  
By deed or token, gesture or kind speech,  
The spirit's true affection to express;  
When hearts are full of innermost distress,  
And we are doomed inactive by,  
Watching the soul's or body's agony,  
Which human effort helps not to make less;  
Then like a cup capacious to contain  
The overflowings of the heart, is prayer:  
The longing of the soul is satisfied—  
The keenest darts of anguish blunted are;  
And though we cannot cease to yearn or grieve,  
Yet have we learnt in patience to abide.

REV. R. C. TRENCH.

### NEW BOOKS.

We have received the following new books from the publishers:—

*Town and Country; or, Life at Home and Abroad; Without and Within us.* By John S. Adams. Boston: J. R. Baffum. [A very great Variety, Prose and Verse, Tales and Songs.]

*Human Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene.* By T. S. Lambert, M. D. Hartford: Brockett, Hutchinson, & Co. [This book is intended for popular use. It has a vast number of engravings and other illustrations.]

*The Practical Reader; with Directions for Reading.* By Francis T. Russell. Tappan & Whittemore: Boston. [This work has had a great sale. The copy which has been sent to us completes ninety-six thousand: and we are informed that the publishers find it difficult to print it fast enough for the demand. It is well worthy of this extensive sale. As selections for practice in the beautiful accomplishment of reading aloud, the exercises are well chosen, and form a treasury for the library. Mr. Russell's high merits as a teacher of elocution, are hereditary. — We hope the publishers will not faint in well doing, but will persevere next week, or next month, and print enough to make up the Hundred Thousand.]

*The Mothers of the Bible.* By Mrs. S. G. Ashton. The author seems to have accomplished her task with simple beauty and pathos, and careful fidelity to sacred history. — *Philad. Ledger.*

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